



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

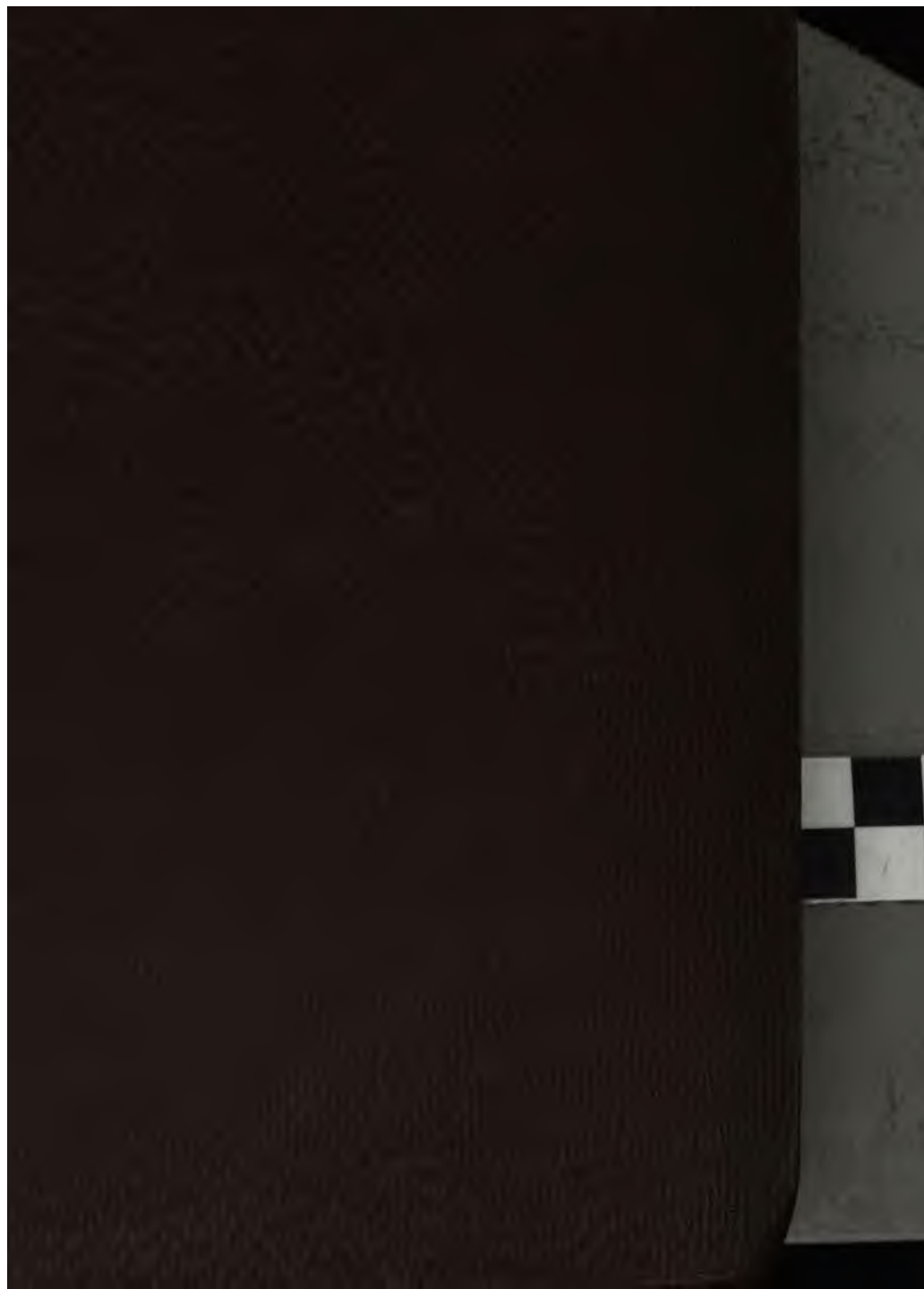
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600056681W





100

100

100

## The Laft of the Old Squires.

“ His Neighbours then did blefs him,  
His Servants now do mifs him,  
The Poor would gladly kifs him,  
Alive again to be;  
But God hath wrought his Pleasure,  
And bleft him out of Meafure,  
With Heaven and earthly Treafure,  
So good a God is he!”

TUSSER's *Five Hundred Points of Good  
Hufbandry*.

“ A good and charitable Man of fuperior Rank or Wifdom,  
Fortune, Authority, is a common Bleffing to the Place he  
lives in ; Happinefs grows under his Influence.”

BUTLER's *Sermon*, xii. 216. Upon the  
Love of our Neighbour.



THE  
Last of the Old Squires ;

A SKETCH

BY CEDRIC OLDACRE, ESQ.

OF SAX-NORMANBURY.

SOMETIME OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXON.

" His Life was gentle : and the Elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the World, 'THIS WAS A MAN !'"  
*Julius Cæsar, Act v. Sc. v.*

" A Place in Time  
Is given us, only that we may prepare  
Our Portion for Eternity : the Soul  
Possesseth there what Treasures for itself,  
Wife to Salvation, it laid up in Heaven."  
*SOUTHEY'S Inscriptions, iii. 162.*

" My Name I did not publish, as not willing it should sway  
the Reader, either for me, or against me."  
*MILTON, To the Parliament, P. W. ii. 297.*



LONDON :

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1854.



244. R. 41.



" Something oddly  
The Book-man prated, yet he talked it weeping."  
FORD, *The Broken Heart*, A&S. iv. Sc. i.

" Nescio, tu quibus es, Lector, lecturus ocellis  
Hoc scio, quod siccis scribere non potui."  
FOX, *A&S and Monuments*.

" Excuse my Tears,  
It is a Tribute I must pay his Memory,  
For I did love my Father."  
SHIRLEY, *The Brothers*, A&S. iv. Sc. v.

TO THE READER.

**T**HIS little Sketch of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES will speak for itself. It is only requisite to remark that although a Fiction in its *Form*, there is yet a good deal of *Reality* in its *Substance*. It, in Fact, contains the Reminiscences of Years gone by,—of several High-bred Country Squires,—and of one excellent Country Gentleman in particular. Possibly, too, there are those living who may give to the Description of the Old Church “a local Habitation and a Name;” and they may do this without committing any very grave Error. It may be added that all the little Anecdotes and Conversations are real,—more or less; as are the Facts in the Chapter on NATURAL HISTORY, each and every of which may not have been noted and observed by THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, though most of them were.

Possibly when the Sound and Din of War, and the Fray of Battle is ringing in our Ears, such a Publication as this may suggest a Peaceful Resting-place for peaceable Souls, and give rise to Thoughts of Peace and Prayers for Peace! Gentle and patient Readers all,

PAX VOBISCUM !

THE AUTHOR.

May 12th, 1854.

*Cymbeline, Act*  
*i. Sc. i.*

1 GENT. " I do not think  
So fair an outward, and such Stuff within,  
Endows a Man but he.

2 GENT. You speak him far.

1 GENT. I do extend him, sir, within himself;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His Measure duly.

2 GENT. What's his Name and Birth?

1 GENT. I cannot delve him to the Root."

*Hamlet, Act iv.*  
*Sc. i.*

" What is a Man  
If his chief Good and Market of his Time,  
Be but to sleep and feed? A Beast, no more!  
Sure, he that made us with such large Discourse,  
Looking before, and after, gave us not  
That Capability and God-like Reason,  
To rust unused."

## CONTENTS.

*"Urbis amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus,  
Ruris amatores."*

Hos. 1 Epist.  
x. 1.

	Page
CHAP. I.—The Old Squires . . . . .	1
CHAP. II.—Attachment of the People to the Old Squires . . . . .	9
CHAP. III.—The Early Years of The Last of the Old Squires—His Education, &c. . . . .	19
CHAP. IV.—The Last of the Old Squires' Loyalty—Defence of the Country—The Militia, &c. . . . .	31
CHAP. V.—The Last of the Old Squires amongst his People . . . . .	43
CHAP. VI.—The Last of the Old Squires amongst his Tenantry—Freedom and Respect of those Days . . . . .	54
CHAP. VII.—The Last of the Old Squires at Church—His Religious Views—The Parish Church . . . . .	63
CHAP. VIII.—The Last of the Old Squires' Objections to, and Dislike of, Dissent and Dissenters as a Body . . . . .	77
CHAP. IX.—Certain Anecdotes concerning Dissenting Teachers who came under The Last of the Old Squires' Notice . . . . .	86
CHAP. X.—The Respect in which the Last of the Old Squires held the Clergyman of his Parish—How he taught the Children in conjunction with the Minister, and his Servants at Home . . . . .	96
CHAP. XI.—The Last of the Old Squires' Lady—Her Influence,—and her lowly excellent Wisdom and Charity . . . . .	106

	Page
CHAP. XII.—The Last of the Old Squires at Home— His Children—How he and his Lady taught them	117
CHAP. XIII.—The Last of the Old Squires' Love of Natural History . . . . .	134
CHAP. XIV.—The Last of the Old Squires' Love of Anecdote and Humour . . . . .	145
CHAP. XV.—The Last of the Old Squires as a Magistrate —His ripe Wisdom and sound Judgment . . . .	156
CHAP. XVI.—The Training onwards of The Last of the Old Squires—His advanced Years, and latter Days	166
CHAP. XVII.—The Last of the Old Squires' Death and Funeral . . . . .	180
CHAP. XVIII.—The Last of the Old Squires' Will, &c.	192
CHAP. XIX.—How the People made their Remarks on him that was gone before . . . . .	198
CHAP. XX.—The Regrets of the Poor on the Loss of their Counsellor and Friend . . . . .	209
CHAP. XXI.—The Change in the Times, and what the New English Gentleman ought to be, if he would live beloved and die regretted as did the Last of the Old Squires . . . . .	218





THE  
Last of the Old Squires.

CHAP. I.

*The Old Squires.*

“ Were England now  
What England was, plain, hospitable, kind  
And undebauch'd ! But we have bid farewell  
To all the Virtues of those better Days,  
And all their honest Pleasures. Mansions once  
Knew their own Masters ; and laborious Hinds,  
Who had survived the Father, served the Son.  
Now the legitimate and rightful Lord  
Is but a transient Guest, newly arrived,  
As soon to be supplanted.”

COWPER'S *Tast.*  
The Garden.

**R**ECKON but a few short Years  
more and the Race of the OLD  
SQUIRES will be extinct, whether  
to be replaced by a more valuable Set of Men  
in their several Localities, or not, remains a  
Question. As far as we are enabled to see at  
present, a good deal may be said on both Sides.

For if, in the Country, we have more Refinement and more Polish, it is by no means so clear that we have that Openness of Character, Heartiness, and perhaps, Integrity of Purpose, that we had in Days gone by. And if this should turn out to be the case, *Urbane* and *Polite* are Words which might willingly be surrendered to pent-up Towns and Cities, whilst *Homespun* and *Rustic*, in a good and not unmannerly Sense, might be retained by the Lovers of the Country with a just Pride and a proper Dignity. The high-bred Country-gentleman would not feel hurt by any Terms or Forms of Speech, provided they detracted not from the Position which his Conduct, and Manner of Life, and Fortunes entitled him to. And no one comes up to the Title of Country-gentleman, in the fuller Sense here meant, but the Man who is more alive to the Interests of the People round about him, than to his own Pleasures and Enjoyments, and the trivial Pursuits of every-day Life. For if any lives to these alone, he merely fills up a Number, or is a Cipher. The Country owes him Nothing, because he brings a Scandal and a Reproach upon the Neighbourhood! No descendant *he* of those whom the Poet spoke of:

## Old Squires.

3

" In ancient Times the sacred Plough employ'd  
The Kings and awful Fathers of Mankind :  
And some, with whom compared your Insect Tribes  
Are but the Beings of a Summer's Day,  
Have held the Scale of Empire, ruled the Storm  
Of mighty War ; then, with unwearied Hand  
Disdaining little Delicacies, seized  
The Plough, and greatly independent lived ! "

THOMSON'S *Seasons*. Spring.

But in speaking of the Country and the Country-gentleman, who filled the Position of the OLD SQUIRE, there is no Intention here of drawing odious Comparisons. The Town and the City have their Worthies—their great Men and their honourable Men, and their Men of high Estate,—and they are a Blessing to the Land on which they live. Their Virtues are of the highest Cast, and they sacrifice themselves, full often, to the Interests of the Community, whilst vain and empty Men are pandering for Popularity and dodging Praise ! No odious Comparisons are sketched in *these* Pages. They purpose to contain, more or less, from Life, some Account of one of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, in the County in which he lived;—one of whom it was said, in those Words from the Book of Job, "*When the Ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the Eye saw him, it gave witness to him ; for he was Eyes to the Blind, and Feet was he to the Lame, and*

Job xxix. 11,  
15, 16.



## *The Last of the*

*he was a Father to the Poor !”*

Before, however, the Subject on hand is dwelt upon in its Parts, it is advisable to say a Word about THE OLD SQUIRES generally.

Now these were a mixed Race, and the good and the bad Samples have been confounded. Of the roystering, rollicking Squires,—of Men little removed in Feeling or Intelligence from the Earth on which they trod heavily,\*—devouring themselves, and devoured in turn, like Actæon, by their own Hounds,—these Pages will not treat. The Sample is neither good nor presentable. But in Times gone by, and (about the Time of the second Charles,) or ever Town-houses were thought a necessary Adjunct to Gentility, the Country abounded with altogether a different Race. Every County had its GOOD OLD SQUIRES, who might possibly visit the County-town for a Week at the Races, or for a Fortnight † or so after they had lighted

\* Οὔτοι δ' εἰς τὴν Σωφιστικὴν, κραιναζομένην γένος ἀνδρῶν.—*Cratinus*.

† GEORGE GASCOIGNE, in his “Steele Glas,” alludes to the *breaking up* of Country-houses, not to *occasional* Residence in the County-town.

“The Gentleman, which might in Countrie keepe  
A plenteous Boorde, and feed the Fatherlesse  
With Pig and Goose, with Mutton, Beef and Veale,  
(Yea, now and then, a Capon and a Chicke,)

their People's Faces at Chriftnas,—there to join in the focial Rubber, and to encourage the younger Members of their Families whose Names were on the feveral Guilds, adding to the Refpectability of Trade, and at the fame Time recruiting their own Refources ; but, for the moft part, their Place was at Home, by their own Hearths and their Cottagers' and Tenants'; and their Prefence was as well known as the Sun in Summer, or as the full Shock of Corn in the Harveft-months. So little had Change altered the Courfe of Things in thefe Days, that the Tenants on the Farms were of the fame Name, Father and Son fucceffively, from Age to Age ; and the Labourer had never heard that his Father or Grandfather had ever worked for any other than fome Member of the OLD SQUIRE's Family ; and had they been verfed in Hiftory, they would doubtlefs have maintained that the Mafter whom they both refpected and loved, had held his territorial Acres in the Times of the Saxons, and that his Forefathers had defpifed the lordly Norman as but a Landlouper or a Freebooter. The Truth is, that as long as the OLD SQUIRES filled

---

Will breake up Houfe, and dwell in Market-townes,  
A loytring Life, and like an Epicure !”

*The Last of the*

their Place as they were bound to do, they had the undivided Love of the People around them, and they would have stood forth in their Defence, as a loyal People stands forth to defend Hearth and Home against the Invaders of its Peace! Each one could say from Experience, of his Good OLD SQUIRE,

*The Excursion.*

“ HE could afford to suffer  
With those whom he saw suffer. Hence it came,  
That in our best Experience he was rich,  
And in the Wisdom of our daily Life.”

As will be seen presently, in the Sketch of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, they were, as a Body, Justices of the Peace, and in this Capacity likewise, the People looked up to them. And it is a Mistake to suppose that they were rude, uneducated Men. Generally The Old Squires had a College-education, and, if it so chanced they had not, they contrived to pick up a good deal of Knowledge from the World around them, and to make a practical Application of it. They knew more of Justice than of Law, and this influenced their Decisions on the Bench. They wanted no Magistrate's-clerk to regulate their Proceedings, or to prompt their Conclusions. Right was Right, and they maintained the Right. And all this the People were alive to, as well as to the often

admitted Fact, that if they erred, it was sure to be on the side of Mercy. The Poacher, perhaps, got hardly treated now and then, but his Reverence would say, that “ *Poaching was but the Beginning of worse Courses, and it was good to nip the Evil in the Bud ;*” and certainly the People did not wish the OLD SQUIRE’S Game to be interfered with, or his Neighbour’s, for, in the Course of the Season, they had their full Share of it, and of the Sport likewise, as will be mentioned in the Sequel. In those Days, when the Man that killed a Fox was marked as a mean, paltry Fellow, Game was not so preserved as to be denominated *Vermin*, and because it was not, the OLD SQUIRE’S Larder was well stored, and the Tenants’ Cupboard never empty.

Let it be concluded, then, that in these Chapters, it is the GOOD OLD SQUIRES that are before us,—in other Words, the high-bred Country-gentleman, who has a Stake in every Hedge, and is the Head of every Parish in which he resides. Not that it is intended to make him a perfect Character—that would be to merge the Character in Words and Indistinctness. On the contrary, the OLD SQUIRES were possessed of a most *thorough-going Indivi-*

*duality*, and Nothing could be so altogether a Failure as to describe them otherwise. But the Class, now almost departed from our Sight, must be clearly distinguished from that passable Notion and Definition, as Barrow speaks in that exquisite Sermon “Of Industry, in our particular Callings as Gentlemen,”—*What is a Gentleman but his Pleasure?*

And this Chapter may be closed in his pertinent and expressive Words. “If this be true, if a Gentleman be Nothing else but this, then truly he is a sad Piece, the most inconsiderable, the most despicable, the most pitiful, wretched Creature in the World: if it is his Privilege to do Nothing, it is his Privilege to be most unhappy; and to be so will be his Fate, if he live according to it; for he that is of no Worth or Use, who produceth no beneficial Fruit, who performeth no Service to God or the World, what Title can he have to Happiness? What Capacity thereof? What Reward can he claim? What Comfort can he feel? To what Temptation is he exposed! What Guilt will he incur!”

Well said good ISAAC BARROW!



CHAP. II.

*Attachment of the People to the Old  
Squires.*

"Loke who that is moſt virtuous alwaye,  
Prive and apert, and moſt entendeth aye  
To do the gentil Dedes that he can,  
And take him for the greteſt Gentilman!"

CHAUCER, *Can-  
terbury Tales.*

**E**VERY Chip," ſaid old THOMAS JONES, one Day to his young Maſter, "wont make a Felly for a Wheel," and he added, "it takes a good deal to make an OLD SQUIRE, *after the old Stroke.*" The Occaſion of the Remark was, that a young Man had purchaſed an Eſtate in the Neighbourhood; well enough in his Way, and far from ill-diſpoſed, but mainly ignorant of Country-cuſtoms and the deep-ſeated Feelings of Country-people. His Notion was, that if he paid higher than his Neighbours, and was lavifh in the Butler's Hall, it was all that was needed

DONNE's *Sermons*, lxxx. p. 823. Folio.

to command Respect, or, at least, to settle him in the Position he had ignorantly taken up. But old THOMAS JONES thought otherwise, and it was a Relief to him to make his Thoughts known. It might be, as one said, that "a Merchant condensed, kneaded, and packed up in a great Estate, becomes a Lord,"—but no Procrustean Fashion of Fortune's packing could make one of the good OLD SQUIRES! DICK BEAUCLERK, an excellent Scholar and no Pedant, told his Tutor, after a long Vacation's thorough Enjoyment, that the old Saw of "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," was truer of the high-bred Country-gentleman, than of any Poet he had ever read of! The Fact is, that without throwing away his Time, he had spent the long Vacation alluded to in one of the old-fashioned midland Counties, where there dwelt amongst his own People one of those OLD SQUIRES whose Heart was bound up in their Interests, and so attached were they to him and his Family, that his Word was Law. "The Squire said so, and it must be done"—"If it were not best he had not said so," were remarks that DICK BEAUCLERK was sure to hear from Day to Day, whether he fished the Stream where the best Trouts were to be found, or looked to

## *Old Squires.*

---

11

the young Coveys with the Gamekeeper, or listened to the Huntsman's Account of the promising Puppies in the Pack, or talked with WILL WHIPCRACK about the beautiful Bay Colt just rising five.

It was from listening to such casual Talk that DICK BEAUCLERK was led to look more into the inner Life of the OLD SQUIRE, and before he returned again to Christ-Church, (he had waited, by the way, just to have a Rap at the Pheasants, at the OLD SQUIRE's earnest Solicitation,) he had full Occasion to know, that apparently without an Effort, he was the Author and Originator of half the Good that was done in the Neighbourhood. And then, as regards the Parish in which he lived, his Purse was at the Parson's Command, and his Kitchen at the Poor's. His Name was at the Head of all charitable Institutions, and although it *appeared* that there were many Names on the Subscription-lists to the Clothing, and the Dorcas, and other Societies usual in Country-districts, yet it was *well known* that the Bulk of the Contributions came from the good Old Gentleman's Purse. As for the Parochial and Sunday-schools, those he supported altogether, there being no available Funds for them near at Hand.



“ Foreign Helps,” he used to say, “ were rather Crutches than Legs.” The only Draw-back that DICK BEAUCLERK saw to the OLD SQUIRE’s Proceedings, was, that he was somewhat arbitrary and cholerick. If a Thing was not done to his Pleasure, he would rap out a round Oath,—saying as quick as Lightning, “ *God forgive me !*” Besides this, he was easily put out of Temper with the young Upstarts between Eighteen and Twenty, who were in a sort of Transition-state. These, he feared, from their want of Manner, would seriously injure the District in which he lived. Upon one Occasion, it was confidently affirmed, despite his magisterial Office, that the worthy Man quietly got off his Cob, and lustily thrashed the greatest Bully in the Neighbourhood, because he did not touch his Hat to him. “ *I thought it right to do so,*” he said, taking the Bridle from his Companion’s Hand, “ *because that lubberly Lout is teaching my People to be disrespectful, and when Country-people once lose Respect for their Benefactors, the next Step is to lose Self-respect.*” These, and other like little Ebullitions rather puzzled DICK BEAUCLERK, and he was half-surprised that some mischievous Intermeddler did not take the Law of the OLD SQUIRE,—

but then, he stood six Feet high, and there was a great Pond on the Village-green, close by the May-pole, and without a Doubt any one who had injured an Atom of the OLD SQUIRE'S Consequence, much less a Hair of his Head, would have been ducked in it within an Inch of his Life. And so DICK BEAUCLERK'S Wonder ceased, and he very much doubted on his Return to Christ-Church, whether a Tithe of those whom he saw around him would fill their several Positions in Life half as well as the OLD SQUIRE did. He had some Doubts, moreover, as to the Capacities of the "SCHOOLMASTER" now abroad, and he thought less favourably of the fashionably-thrummed Adage, KNOWLEDGE IS POWER! for he had seen great HAPPINESS in a rural District, where Knowledge, as the World speaks, was comparatively small, but where the People, nevertheless, were sufficiently taught to help themselves, and to do their Duty to God and their Neighbour faithfully, and with a ready Heart! Henceforwards, as DICK BEAUCLERK outstripped his Fellows in the Race of Learning, he used to bless the Good OLD SQUIRE, and his Motto was, DUTY IS HAPPINESS! and pleasant was it to recall to his Mind the Intonations of the clear sonorous Voice of the

*The Deserted  
Village.*

stately old Man as he used to repeat the Lines  
of Goldsmith for the Collegians' Edification !

" Ill fares the Land, to haſt'ning Ills a Prey,  
Where Wealth accumulates and men decay ;  
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade,  
A Breath can make them, as a Breath has made ;  
But a bold Peaſantry, their Country's Pride,  
When once deſtroy'd, can never be ſupply'd."

This little Narrative, pretty cloſe to Life, will explain the Attachment of the People to the OLD SQUIRES. High-bred as they were, they were the People's Friends. With them there was no ſtrained Courteſy, and no pride of Humility. Every Labourer on the Eſtate was familiar to them, and DICK, JACK, TUM, LARY, BILL, or JIM, was ſure to be accoſted by his *Chriſtian-name*. The Yeomen only and the Tenantry were addreſſed by their *Sirnames*, and CROSS, CORFIELD, HOLLYOAKE, BALDWIN, DAVIES, or PICKERING, were only too glad to croſs the OLD SQUIRE's Path. Verſed in Country-matters, he could converſe with one as well as another, and the Tongue he ſpoke was " underſtanded by the People." Conſtant Reſidence, and out-of-door Exerciſe every Day, brought the OLD SQUIRE into daily contact, literally, with the Children of the People ; and no little Urchin, as he made Mud-pies at a

Cottage-door, but was glad to see him pass on his fine Horse. Fear there was none, but a constant Expectation of Pence and Halfpence; and the Mother, if in Sight, was sure to be hailed, and ordered to bring her bonny Boy to the Hall before long, and to see what could be found for him in the Housekeeper's-room. The Consequence of all this was, that the Neighbourhood knew little or nothing of that "foul swarth Ingratitude," which takes off Sweetness from Men's Natures; and "base Forgetfulness of mighty Benefits," would have been counted criminal. Such Charms has real Courtesy and Kindness!

Then again, our Good OLD SQUIRES, who knew more of human Nature than their smug Successors, were the Encouragers of all rural Sports. Seclusion and Privacy, so often to be ranged under the same Category with Self and Selfishness, was unnatural to them. The Village-green, with its Mirth and Jollity, was familiar to every Member of the Household. The Sons, on High-days and Holidays, would have a start with the fleetest Youths of the Hamlet at Prisoner's-base, or the old fashion'd Game of Tic; the Daughters, too, would lead off a Country-dance before they left the Green to

BRAUMONT and  
FLETCHER. *The  
Island Princess.*  
Act v. Sc. ii.

runder Revelry, and the Lady of the Houfehold, in Silk that would have flood by itfelf, was oftentimes the Propofer of the Stool-ball, at which ſhe took the firſt Hit, that the elderly Dames might not be without their Share of Enjoyment. And good came of all this, for though there was no lack of good Ale to cheer the Country-folks' Hearts, old DIKKY TUMMAS, who kept the Public, and the only one, (for the horrible Beerſhops were then unknown,) would encourage no Drunkenneſs, and Plots and Strikes were never hatched within his Doors. The Hangers-on of the Squire met at "THE CROSS" it is true, pretty regularly, but it was for innocent Mirth, and to collect the ſmall News of the paſſing Day, or to ſpread abroad where the next Meet was. There was no reproaching the Old Squire or his Publican in Launcelot's Words,

*Monſieur Thomas.*  
A& iv. Sc. ii.

" You keep a Company of faucy Fellows  
Deboſh'd, and daily Drunkards, to devour you,  
Things whoſe dull Souls tend to the Cellar only."

In the midſt of all the hearty Pleaſures of Country-life, the OLD SQUIRES, of whom we are here ſpeaking, rigidly expected, like NELSON, that every Man in his Poſition was to do his Duty, and if he did it not, he was reprimanded

sharply. Their Rule, if opposed, was a Despotism, rather than a limited Monarchy ; but, if high-bred Gentlemen, their Rule was not the worse for that, and all arbitrary Treatment of Inferiors was the Exception. And it was fully understood that if the OLD SQUIRES joked familiarly—sometimes, perhaps, coarsely—in the Field, it was in the Field only, and that out of it, the severe Occupations of Life went on with their accustomed Regularity. The OLD SQUIRE had no more attached Servant than the Miller to the Hall, though he was a roaring, royster-ing Boy. “Grinder,” said the SQUIRE, “fetch a Cog, and stop his Mouth for him.” “Fetch another when you are about it,” roared the Miller to his Knave, “it may be useful.” And the Chase went on, and “Hunts-up,” and “Harks-up,” were enjoyed, and merry England was merry England in those Days, and it required much to dissolve the Attachment of the People to their OLD SQUIRES, who led them as they lifted in Bonds of Love !

“ O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle Bloods yborne,  
You were not borne all only for yourselves :  
Your Countrie claymes some Part of al your Paines !  
There should you live, and therin shoulde you toyle,  
To holde up Right, and banish cruel Wrong,  
To helpe the Pore, to bridle back the Riche,  
To punish Vice, and Virtue to advance,

GEORGE GAS-  
COIGNE, *The*  
*Steele Glas.*

*The Last of the*

To see God serude, and Belzebub suppress.  
You shulde not trust Lieftenaunts in your Rome  
And let them sway the Sceptre of your Charge,  
Whiles you, meanwhile, know scarcely what is done,  
Nor yet can yeld an Accompt if you were callde."





### CHAPTER III.

*The Early Years of The Last of the Old  
Squires, His Education, &c.*

“ ’Tis by Degrees that Men arrive at glad  
Profit in Aught ; each Day some Little add  
In Time ’twill be a Heap ; this is not true  
Alone in Money, but in Manners too.  
Yet we must more than move still, or go on,  
We must accomplish ; ’tis the last Key-stone  
That makes the Arch ; the rest that there were put  
Are Nothing till that comes to bind and shut.  
Then stands it a triumphal Mark ! then Men  
Observe the Strength, the Height, the why, the where,  
It was erected ; and still walking under,  
Meet some new Matter to look up, and wonder !  
Such Notes are virtuous Men ! they live as fast  
As they are high ; are rooted, and will last.”

BEN JONSON.  
*Epistle to Sir Edward Sackville.*

**I**N the two preceding Chapters, Something has been said of the OLD SQUIRES in general,—of those high-bred Gentlemen of the Old School, as contradistinguished from those, who, “ swearing and

SPENSER, *Faerie  
Queene*, B. v. C.  
viii. St. xxviii.



- banning most blasphemously," brought an ill Name upon a Race of Men who never brought an ill Name upon themselves, or upon the Country they loved with a full and devoted Heart. In the Chapters which follow there will likewise be a good deal of *Generalities*, but, "*The History of the Life of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES*" has much that is *particular* in it,—much that came under the Writer's own Eyes and Ears, 'tis much short of sixty Years since. At the same Time, it is not quite a real Life; the Lives of many, dear to the Memory of the Living, must fill up the more perfect Sketch, and many such happy England could boast of in the olden Time! This much premised, gentle Reader, I will use MR. RICHARD BRATHWAIT'S Words in THE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, and commence the Narrative. "As to speak all that we know, sheweth Weakness; so, to impart Nothing of that we know infers too much Closeness; to observe a Mean in these Extremes, choice Respect is to be had with whom we converse."

Many are still living who were born in the three 777's and there was an Idea of long standing, that to have been born in that Year was fortunate. About this I know Nothing. I

only call to my Recollection that that merciful Man and brave Officer of the Swift-fure, who manned the Boats to save the poor Sailors struggling on the Water, after the Blowing-up of the L'ORIENT, at the Battle of the Nile, was born in that Year ; and that an Adventurer in the Back-woods of Canada, who had lost himself for Weeks, and was reduced to the last Extremities by Famine, attributed his Preservation (under God) to the same lucky Coincidence. Five Weeks was it before the Indians, into whose Hands he fell, would allow him to look in a Glass, so hunger-stricken and Ugolino-like was his Visage ! If a Savage, the Red Indian unpverted by Civilization and Rum is, in his own Woods and on his own Hunting-grounds, essentially a Gentleman !

But, to return from a Digression, THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES was not born in the three 777's, but some six or seven Years before, and, as he used to say to his Children when pressed, on a MOVEABLE FEAST. From some Whim or another, he never spoke of his Birth-day otherwise ; but in after Years they had Reason to know that it was Easter Sunday, on which Day, Health permitting, he never failed to lead his People to the Holy Table. Example, as

he always told them, was more efficacious than Precept. And, in Truth, he was no great Talker at any Time.

Being the youngest of two Sons, he had not a College-education, as most of the OLD SQUIRES had. His Brother JOHN went to College and distinguished himself, but died young and beloved. He seldom, in after Life, mentioned his Name, but when he did, it was with much Emotion. Men of strong, deep Feeling, sometimes conceal it, lest they should show what the World calls a Weakness, — and this was THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' Weakness! But he had a grand Heart, nevertheless, and such as were in Need, Sickness, or any other Adversity, had great Cause to know it! Perhaps, after all, the “studious Universities,” as Shakespeare calls them, would not have mended him in this Way. Still he did not,

*Two Gentlemen  
of Verona, A & i.  
Sc. ii.*

“Dully sluggardized at Home,  
Wear out his youth with shapeless Idleness;”

On the contrary, having had such Instruction as the best Schools in the Country could afford, he reaped as full a Harvest as Observation of Life and Manners threw in his Way; and thus “try’d and tutor’d in the World,” few Men surpassed him in reading Character. No Man

knew better what was due to others, and he never forgot what was due to himself. Added to his great Taſt, he had a fine, noble Perſon; and ſix Feet of Stature, combined with Grace in Movement, is always commanding, and always defies what Sir Hugh Evans called “ pribbles and prabbles.” In his younger Days, no doubt, the World put him down as high and proud, but, in Truth, he was neither the one nor the other. He ſaw clearly that the want of a College-education muſt be made up for by a ſtrict Self-diſcipline, and he took good Care that Nothing ſhould be wanting on his Part. He was not one to confound himſelf with guzzling Gluttons, and with thoſe Tipplers who only rivalled huge Sponges, and left an ill Name on the Gentility they debaſed !

But, if neither high nor proud in a bad Senſe, THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES had that high-bearing which was not to be miſtaken. No upſtart Country-knight was he, but one of old Stock and Lineage. The Norman found him on his native Soil—but, in due Courſe of Time, Saxon and Norman Blood had intermingled, and although it is likely that for a Generation or two there was little Peace between the Intruder and the old Saxon Thegn, Terms of Peace were at

last agreed to, and Animosity subsided. The good old Man often spoke of the Amalgamation of the Two Races, and when IVANHOE was first published he admitted the Freshness of that Novel of a Master-spirit, and thought CEDRIC, the Saxon Character, most admirably drawn. I am not sure that he did not mention the Danes with more Severity than the Normans, and it was long before I found out the Reason, for the modern Dane is the most kind-hearted and hospitable of Men. At last I hit upon it. Some three-hundred Years ago, more or less, the Family had migrated from a Village in Yorkshire, which bore their Name, and had settled in a midland County, where the other Portion of the Property lay,—and with them they brought the Report, how, in old Times, the Vikingur had ravaged and pillaged their Estate, and burned their Stronghold to the Ground! Many modern Prejudices have scarcely any better Foundation.

Passing over these Speculations, we find our Old Squire entering upon the Business and Enjoyments of Life with a moderate Education, and resolutely determined to live in the County he was born in, for he thought he could benefit the People, whose “ Red-lattice Phrases and

bold-beating Oaths," as Falstaff calls them, were little kept in Check by the Conversation of the Country-gentlemen around them. In those Days, indeed, all common Talk was interlarded with Oaths, and the profane Manner of Speech, which was the Disgrace of CHARLES II.'s Days, was but too common in the Times of our Forefathers, and even yet is hardly extinct.

"In longum tamen ævum  
Manferunt, hodieque manent, vestigia ruris."

HORACE, *Epist.*  
II. I. 160.

Such, everywhere, is the Force of Example, that, as hinted at above, THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, himself, would rap out an Oath on Provocation. But this was not his Custom, and as it pained him to hear others do so, the necessary Result was, that, as he advanced in Life, his Speech became more guarded, and, as it will be seen in what follows, he became an Example to the People whose Interests he forwarded, "*in Word, in Conversation, in Charity, in Spirit, in Faith, in Purity.*"

1 Tim. iv. 12.

But all this was a Matter of Time, to say Nothing of Grace. Meanwhile he gave his Thoughts to the Advancement of the great Object of his Life,—that is to say, the Improvement of the People. And with this Intent he studied them in and out of Doors, and ac-

quainted himself with all their Peculiarities, Faults, and Virtues. He knew that they could be led, if they could not be driven, and it was his Good-fortune to lead them through a long and useful Life, and in eventful Times. Himself, a skilful Agriculturist—he could turn a Furrow even with the best Ploughman on the Estate ;—a skilful Gardener—he could bud and graft his own Trees so as no other Horticulturist could, in the whole Neighbourhood ;—in a Word, versed in all and every Occupation of the District in which he lived, it soon became known that he could give *good* practical Advice, and his Advice was sought. No Improvements of the Day, worth knowing, escaped him, and before he reached the Age of Thirty, he was a marked Man for general Information amongst the well Educated, and an Oracle to the Ignorant.

And it may be noted here that his great Zeal for Country-sports was no ordinary Means of bringing him in Contact with all Classes. In the whole Country there was no such clever Fisherman as he,—if a Trout or a Pike could be caught in the Brook, he was the Man to catch it ; old THOMAS] COTTON even being Judge, no mean Arbiter in his Craft ! He was

a dead Shot, and knew how to beat a Cover better than his own, or any Body else's Game-keeper. And then for riding, as MURPHY said, when he saw him seated on his old Black Horse, no Man in that Country could touch him ! All this Dexterity was in his Favour, and no Man knew better how to use it ; and it was a common Saying with him, and a truer Saying was never spoken, that " COUNTRY-SPORTS KEEP COUNTRY-PEOPLE TOGETHER !" It is a queer Thought of Old Fuller's, in his Sketch of " The true Gentleman," but it has some Pith in it, " it were no Harm, if, in some needless Suits of intricate Precedency between equal Gentlemen, the Priority were adjudged to him who keeps a Stable of most serviceable Horses !" Certainly, the older Men grow the harder they find it to keep the Country together, and any innocent Way of doing so is a wise One. How good a Prayer said One,

" Let Unity dwell in our Tents, and Discord  
Be banish'd to our Enemies."

MASSINGER. *The  
Bajful Lover.*

But THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, who regularly read the Gunpowder-treason Service, and had no Doubts about the History, corrected his Friend, and said, thoughtfully, " Let Truth and Justice, brotherly Kindness and Charity,



Devotion and Piety, Concord and Unity, with all other Virtues, so flourish amongst us, that they may be the Stability of our Times, and make our Church a Praise upon Earth." To his Enemies he wished no Ill! And, sooth to say, they were few he had, for his Habits were such as to make Friends and to keep them.

But, with all this Good about him as he advanced in Years, and although None better realized his early Position and improved it, yet was he subject in his Youth to the Dangers and Temptations of the Period. A clever Drawer of Character says of the young Man, "He seldom does any Thing which he wishes not to do again, and is only wise after a Misfortune. He suffers much for his Knowledge, and a great deal of Folly it is makes him a wise Man." And so THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES found it, opposed as he was to Folly and Foolishness, and to the Coarseness of wild Rusticity. For he had, as others, to run the Gauntlet of this "Confort of mad Greeks." Not to have met with those of his own Age and to have joined with them in their Revelries, would have been to *taboo* himself, and to have lost that Wisdom which Experience only can bring Home. But his Presence always was influential, and because

he was neither phlegmatic nor too precise, the Company, to which he was an Ornament, seldom launched out into these wild Extremes which have left a Blot upon the Festivities of the last Generation. Not understood too literally, Robert Greene's Lines would have expressed his Sentiments.

"Should we disdain our Vines because they sprout  
Before their Time? or young Men if they strain  
Beyond their Reach? No: Vines that bloom and spread  
Do promise Fruits; and young Men that are wild,  
In Age grow wise."

*James the  
Fourth.*

The last to encourage Wildness, he was the last to censure it with a withering Ban. He knew human Nature too well, and his Wisdom was to check by Degrees what could not have been checked at once. And thus, through Life, even the wildest Sparks respected and loved him; and when, at any Time, their own Irregularities got them into Scrapes, THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES was the first to get them out. And O! how did he Delight to benefit the Young, and to guide them on their Way! He said not with Ali "The Recollection of Youth is a Sigh!" but he *did* say,

"The little Good we do  
In all the Years of Life, will scarce outweigh  
The Follies of an Hour!"

And thus we leave THE LAST OF THE OLD

*HURDIS. The  
Village Curate.*

SQUIRES, only moderately educated in School-learning, but vastly skilled in practical Life. And it was this practical Knowledge, which, like common Sense, is the most uncommon of all Senses, that served him always in such good Stead. As the Young consulted him, and the Old deferred to his Judgment, it was a common Saying with them both, that had the good old Man had his Way to make in the World, and had he had a College-education and gone to the Bar, beyond a Doubt, he would have been Lord Chancellor or Prime Minister, or whatever he chose. There was Stuff in him to fill the highest Position his Country could have placed him in, but his Ambition was to live amongst his own People, and to do them Service. As will be seen, he did this to the Last.

And what was the Key to his estimable Qualities, and the Cause of his being so beloved?—WANT OF SELFISHNESS! For, as Lord Bacon said, “ It is a poor Centre of a Man’s Actions, himself! It is right Earth ; for that only stands fast upon its own Centre ; whereas all Things that have Affinity with the Heavens move upon the Centre of another, which they benefit.”

*Essays.* “ Of  
Wisdom for a  
Man’s Self.”



CHAPTER IV.

*The Last of the Old Squires' Loyalty—Defence  
of the Country—The Militia, &c.*

" True is, that whileome that good Poet sayd,  
The gentle Minde by gentle Deeds is knowne ;  
For a Man by Nothing is so well bewrayd  
As by his Manners ; in which plaine is shewn  
Of what Degree and what Race he is growne.

SPENSER, *Faerie  
Queene.* B. vi.  
C. iii. St. i. iii.

\* \* \* \* \*  
He was to weete a Man full ripe of Yeares,  
That in his Youth had been of mickle Might,  
And borne great Sway in Armes amongst his Peeres ;  
But now weak Age had dimd his Candle-light :  
Yet was he courteous still to every Wight,  
And loved all that did to Armes incline."

**A** LOVER of Peace, THE LAST OF  
THE OLD SQUIRES was loyal to the  
Back-bone, and when the Honour  
of the Nation was at Stake, he thought with  
Lord Bacon, that we ought not to " fit too  
long upon a Provocation," and that " no Na-  
tion need expect to be great that is not awake

*Essays.* "Of the  
true Greatness  
of Kingdoms  
and Estates."

FULLER, *Holy State. The Good Soldier.*

upon any just Occasion of arming."

Such were his Thoughts and Opinions. And when the back Wave of the French Revolution was rolling its purple Surf on the Coasts of Albion, and on the peaceful Domain of his Fathers, he thought the Time not far off when every true-born Englishman might be called upon to contend *pro aris et focis*,—for the Altar of his own Home, and for his own Lift-hearth. War, he was prompt to say, was a sad Alternative; but, he added, "though many hate Soldiers as the Twigs of the Rod—War, where-with God scourgeth wanton Countries into Repentance, yet is their Calling so needful, that were not some Soldiers, we must be all Soldiers, daily employed to defend our own." He knew the Time was not yet come when War should cease throughout the World, and the peaceful Kingdom of the MESSIAS should be established. The Wickedness of the Nations of the World forbad this, and therefore to be fully prepared for the Reverse, was the readiest Way to establish Rest and Quietness within our Borders.

And hence it was that when Blood touched Blood, and a neighbouring People were crushed beneath the worse than Jaggernaut Car of wild and fierce Democracy, and kingly Glory was

put out, and the Throne cast down to the Ground, and the Guillotine was Law,—the Spirit of the OLD SQUIRE was roused, and he called upon his People to make ready, and to prepare themselves for the Battle. “The Man,” he said, “that was not on the Alert to defend his Home, was unworthy of it!” And this would lead him on to expatiate on the Blessings of an English Home, and of English *Comfort*, for which, he quaintly added, that the French had not even a Name, because they did not understand what it meant.

But, though the OLD SQUIRE spake of Loyalty like a brave Man, and would have marshalled his own Men, if Needs were, yet did he counsel his People to seek Peace and ensue it when they might. *Dulce bellum inexpertis est* was the Theme which George Gascoigne took for “THE FRUITES OF WARRE,” which he wrote, as he said, “in rough Verse;” and the OLD SQUIRE, even when he spoke of British Bravery and British Hearts of Oak, might have used his Words:—

“Mark well my Wordes, and you shall find him blest,  
That meddleth least with Warres in anywise,  
But quiet lives, and all Debate defies!”

We go to War for Peace, not for War's sake.

Such as would do so, enter on a sabbathless Pursuit, and are scarce removed from those uncivilized Ones who live in the dark Corners of the Earth, which are full of Cruelty, and where Sabbath-bell was never heard! Notable, indeed, was it to hear the loyal old Soul expatiate on the Horrors of War, which, at his Country's Call, he would have entered upon with all his Heart. And there are those still living who have known him take up LORD CLARENDON's Essay on War—he did not doubt its Authenticity, and the Essays as a Whole were amongst a few of his favourite Books—and read aloud such Passages as he had marked, with as much Energy as Feeling. “Of all the Punishments and Judgments that the provoked Anger of the Divine Providence can pour out upon a Nation full of Transgressions, there is none so terrible and destroying as that of War.—The Confidence and the Courage which a victorious Army contracts by notable Successes, and the Dejection of Spirit and the Consternation which a subdued Party undergoes by frequent Defeats, is not at an end when the War is determined, but hath its Effects very long after; and the Tenderneſs of Nature,\* and the Integrity of

\* How great a Master was the immortal Shakſpeare! who

Manners, which are driven away, or powerfully discountenanced by the Corruption of War, are not quickly recovered ; but instead thereof, a Roughness, Jealousy, and Distrust introduced, that make Conversation unpleasant and uneasy ; and the Weeds which grow up in the shortest War can hardly be pulled up and extirpated without a long and unsuspected Peace.—And truly they who are the Cause and Authors of any War that can justly and safely be avoided, have great Reason to fear that they shall be accountable before the Supreme Judge for all the Rapine and Devastation, all the Ruin and Damage, as well as the Blood, that is the Consequence of that War.” These and other like Passages has he been heard to read with a mournful Pathos, and then turning to the Essay of Peace, he would go on to say, “ No Man can ask how or why Men come to be delighted with

could put these Words into the Mouth of ANTONY, “ a Masker and a Reveller ! ”

A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men ;  
Domestick Fury, and fierce civil Strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
Blood and Destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful Objects so familiar,  
That Mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
Their Infants quarter'd with the Hands of War ;  
*All Pity choked with Custom of fell Deeds ! ”*

*Julius Caesar, Act iii. Sc. ii.*



See *Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon*, iii. 451.

Peace, but he who is without natural Bowels, who is deprived of all those Affections, which can only make Life pleasant to him. — It was the highest Aggravation that the Prophet could find out in the Description of the greatest Wickedness, that ‘ the Way of Peace they knew not;’ and the greatest Punishment of all their Crookedness and Perverseness was, that ‘ they should not know Peace.’” So wrote the wise and humbled Statesman from his Retreat at Montpellier,—that great Historian of the Rebellion, whose Pages are full of Instruction, though fraught with civil War and all the Horrors that wait upon a Land whose Foundations are out of Course. No Power on Earth could have persuaded THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES that LORD CLARENDON was not a sincere Man, and he was delighted to dwell upon the Tranquillity of Mind which was the Ornament of his Banishment, and that Vivacity of his, and Cheerfulness which could not be counterfeited. To him he was indeed the EGREGIUS EXUL!

Meanwhile, as hinted at above, there was the Sound of War in our Gates, and War, as we all know, followed to the Knife. And at this Time he stood forth and encouraged the People, showing that high Courage, true Va-

lour, and real Fortitude, are the Belongings of the noblest Minds ; and that Loyalty and true Religion need never be severed. And when War Prices followed, he was the first to lighten the People's Burdens, whilst at the same Time he explained to them the Necessity of a standing Army, and of a Militia likewise. As is always the Case, those who are the most clamorous for War on the Onset, are the first to complain of its Burden when it touches themselves. It is then that the would-be Patriot is turned into the Demagogue, and Measures are complained of as Means are crippled. But THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES was an Overmatch for the Doublings and Turnings, as well as for the Violence, of the Opposers.

And what did he to stem the Current of Anarchy, and to rule the Multitude as one Man ?

1. In the first Place, when Corn was selling at a Price hardly ever, if ever, known before in these Kingdoms, he never allowed a Bushel to be sold off his Estate till the Consumption of the Poor there had been calculated. To them the Prices were never raised, and they never knew, poor Souls ! what the dear Loaf was,—and from that Day to this, I have never

This is a literal  
Fact.

Prov. xi 25—  
27.

read, or heard read, these Verses from the Proverbs, without calling to Mind the thorough Christian Charity of the dear old Man! "*The liberal Soul shall be made fat : and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that withholdeth Corn, the People shall curse him : but Blessing shall be upon the Head of him that selleth it. He that diligently seeketh Good procureth Favour.*" Every Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity, when the Lesson occurs, has been to me as a Remembrancer, and no Diptych was wanting wherefrom to read the glorious Example! Such was the first Step THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES took to keep the People loyal, and they only felt the Pressure of the Times at the Shops,—and that too he contrived to keep more or less under his Controul, never allowing Debts to be contracted there. Whoever ran up a Score was sure to meet with his severe Displeasure.

2. In the next Place, having won the Way to their Hearts through their Stomachs, he explained to such as were able to understand it—the Question of Taxation. He told them that every Tax which touched the People must originate in the House of Commons, which is the popular Part of the Constitution, and that they

might be sure the People would never tax themselves without seeing the absolute Necessity of such a Proceeding. These, and other like Arguments he laid before them, and the Consequence was, that he was looked upon as a Sort of an Oracle.

3. In the third Place, having laid this Matter clearly before them, he had an apt Passage from PALEY—(a good and loyal Subject, he added, notwithstanding that old Story of the Pigeons)—which he was fond of quoting, and it was this. “Of three Inhabitants of a Village, it is better that one should addict himself entirely to Arms, and the other two stay constantly at Home to cultivate the Ground, than that all the three should mix the Avocations of a Camp with the Business of Husbandry. By the former Arrangement, the Country gains one complete Soldier, and two industrious Husbandmen; from the latter, it receives three raw Militia-men, who are at the same Time three idle and profligate Peasants.” At the same Time, in Cases of Emergency, he never denied the Value of the *Militia*. So far, indeed, was he from any such Thought, that he himself was Captain of the Grenadiers; and not only was he the smartest Man of the Body, but his

PALEY's *Moral and Political Philosophy*. Book vi. Ch. xii.

Men were the smartest Men. None of his People wished to be bought off, provided THE CAPTAIN stood by them. Only one Man in the District took fright, and that was old TOM PUDDING, the privileged Beggar of the Parish. On the Captain's Return from the Month's Drill he offered him a Shilling, the Amount of the four Weeks' Dole; but the Gaburlunzie Man declined it, saying, "*No! No! he didn't wish to be enlisted!*" The same old Man lived to a great Age, even to the Time when Four-penny-bits were introduced,—and on one being given to him, he turned it over and over in his Hand, and at last said "*This is a little Beggar!*"

One Name there was THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES always shuddered at, and that was the Name of Traitor. If any even mentioned it in his Presence, his Visage at once contracted, and those used to his Society knew what would follow. "Traitors," said he, "though they be careful to cut down all Trees which hinder their ambitious Prospects, will unawares leave one whereof their own Gallows may be made!"

It was about this Time that the growth of Manufactures commenced, and although they helped us through a long and weary War, he had great Misgivings as to what the Effect of

them would be on the Country. The moral Influence of a mixed Multitude could not be for Good. But at the present Time his Thoughts ran on the Necessity of good and valiant Soldiers, and his Notions were those that Lord Bacon had long ago expressed—namely, that “sedentary and within-door Arts and delicate Manufactures, (that require rather the Finger than the Arm,) have in their Nature a Contrariety to a military Disposition.” If we have enjoyed, as we have, the Blessings of Peace, we have likewise seen the Good and Evil of Manufactures. If the Skill of our People is greater, our moral Courage and Prowess is perhaps not so! Such Matters as these occupied THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES’ Thoughts a good deal, but he only said to his Men, “Hold on, brave Lads!”

“Knowing that Course is best to be observed,  
Whereby a State hath longest been preserved.”

In his latter Years THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES lost none of his Firmness or Courage; and I well recollect, as late as 1830 and 1833, when all the Land was in a Ferment, and boiling over with civil Strife and Sedition, and Rebellion had almost broken out, how his Influence was appealed to. Upon one Occasion

*Essays.* “Of the true Greatness of Kingdoms and Estates.”

DANIEL.

*The Last of the*

there was an Idea that a neighbouring District would rise, and at once he called together the People, and told them that they must be prepared to put down all brute Violence, or, at least, to hold it in Check, till the Military should arrive. "And who will lead us?" asked one with a Chicken's Heart, but of burly size. "I," said THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, "I shall go before my People!" And every one present knew that he would have done so, even to a Cannon's Mouth. One might have put into his Mouth the Words of Harold!

*Mirror of Magistrates, Harold, Vol. i.  
p. 477.*

"Even here at hand his Power doth appeare,  
March forth my Men, we must no longer stay,  
Let every Man abandon fainting Fear,  
And I as Guide will leade you on your Way:  
Even I myself the foremost in the Fray,  
Wyll teach you how you shall abate his Pride:  
Fight, fight, my Men, Saint George shall be your guide!"





CHAPTER V.

*The Last of the Old Squires amongst his  
People.*

“ You must pardon him, if he like his own Times better than these, because those Things are Follies to him now that were Wisdom then ; yet he makes us of that Opinion too when we see him, and conjecture those Times by so good a Relic. He is a Man capable of a Dearness with the youngest Men, yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him ; and no Man credits more his Acquaintance.”

EARLE'S *Micro-*  
*cosmography*. A  
good old Man.  
P. 175.

**A**S the Sword of the best tempered Metal is most flexible, so the truly Generous are most pliant and courteous in their Behaviour to their Inferiors.” So spake old Fuller in his Character of the True Gentleman ; and such was the Way always with THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES. His common Saying was, “ GENTLE IS THAT GENTLE DOES,” and he stuck to it to the end.

And a very pleasant Thing was it to see THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES amongst his People,



who treated him always with that Respect which his Place commanded, and with that Love and Affection which no Place can command. The Countenances of Men differ, and oftentimes under a hard Exterior there is the kindest of Hearts. But such was not his outward Man. On the Contrary, there was no looking upon his open Face, beaming with Benevolence, without being assured at once that a Heart of Hearts was cabinetted in a Person the most attractive, and DICK BEAUCLERK, the Collegian, used to quote that Line of Virgil's, descriptive of Euryalus, and apply it to him,

*Æn.* v. 344.

"Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus."

The remarkable Point was, that he was equally beloved by Young and Old, and he was the Friend and Counsellor of both. Sought out upon all Occasions, his Love was as open as his Heart, and he dwelt amongst his own People continually, and old English Hospitality never waned through any Neglect on his Part of the relative Duties. He had not fallen in with the Custom of maintaining a Town-house in splendour, and the old Country-mansion meanly. To have done this would have been repugnant to his Feelings, and, indeed, he was not over cautious in expressing his Dissent on this Mat-

ter ; and he declared it as his firm Opinion that the outside Show and Tinsel of a London Life would in another Age untie the Sympathies of the Country, and quite alter the Position of the old time-honoured Landlords. What he apprehended is already apparent, and Country-people are not what they were !

Many a Kindness, it is often said, is undone in the doing. As it is in that oldest of our Dramas, Gorboduc, or, Ferrex and Porrex,

“ And often our unkindly Tenderness  
Is Mother of unkindly Stubbornness.”

Not after this Sort were the Acts and Deeds of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES. For, however much at Times, and when needful, his Truth might lack some Gentleness, yet he was not one of those who rubbed the Sore, when he should bring the Plaister. His Childings even, and his Displeasure, was always softened by some substantial Benefit, and his Firmness tempered with Benevolence. The Consequence was that Respect and Love went together, and although in the Parish where he lived there was the same Wickedness to contend with as elsewhere, it was generally noted that the Behaviour of the People, as a Whole, was above the Standard of the Day, and that

*The Tempest.*  
Act ii. Sc. i.

rustic Habits were dashed with an unwonted Gentleness.

*Isaiah xxx. 20.*

It is a striking Expression that in the Prophet, "*Yet shall not thy Teachers be removed into a Corner any more, but thine Eyes shall see thy Teachers ;*" nor is it applicable only to a Ministry resident amongst their People. It may be applied generally to all Owners of the Land on which they dwell. The more they are seen by the People, the more the People will love to see them. It is Absence, or an undue Retirement, which creates that Shyness which usually ends in Indifference. Out of Sight, with the Multitude, is out of Mind, and a Country-gentleman, pent up in his manorial Brick and Mortar, is scarcely of more Use than an Osiris or a Dalai Lama. In Truth, though the courtly Horace seasoned his Flattery too high, he was no mean Reader of Human Nature when he thus expressed himself, entreating Augustus' Return.

*iv. Od. v. 6.*

" Lucem redde tuæ, dux bone, patriæ ;  
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus  
Affulsit, populo gratior it dies,  
Et soles melius nitent."

All this was, as it were, intuitively known to THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, and he literally appeared amongst his Dependants as the

Father of the People. During the Year also there were grand and "Gaudy-days," for Amusement, which were never intermitted, but regularly expected at the proper Time. If, under the *Regime* of the old *Shavelings*, (such was the Name given to the Papists in his County, derived, of Course, from the Tonsure,) the Holidays were too many. "Now-a-days," he would say, "they are too few," and therefore he would omit none that could be fairly retained. One Day only he ventured to alter, as far as he could, which was the old WAKES,\* or the Vigil of the Saint's Day to whom the Parish-church was dedicated. Curiously enough, to modern Notions, this Festival was held in the Church-yard, and to him Church-ales and indecorous Revelry within those "holy Suburbs," was as Profaneness. Therefore he contrived to bring about a Change, and as there was no Fair, which might have interfered with his Wishes, he so arranged that one of the Clubs should be celebrated at that Time, and on the Village-green; and then his Presence to auspicate the Sports might be as much depended

\* The Reader who would see some curious remarks, should consult PHILIP STUBBE's *Anatomie of Abuses*—on the Maner of keepyng Wakeffes and Feastes on Ailgna, p. 177. Reprint.

on as that of the Parson's at the Church. There was regularly the full Service and a good plain Sermon, and PARSON and SQUIRE both held to the old Saw—GOOD ONSET BODES GOOD END!

Amongst other Amusements to which many of the People were addicted, was that old fashioned one of Barlibreak, known to all Readers of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. Others betook themselves to Prisoner's Bafe, and the lightest of Foot were ready to "bid the Wind a *base*." But the two great Games were Football and Cricket. The last-named one the OLD SQUIRE thought the most manly of Country-sports, and he himself had been a good Batter in his Day. As to the Females of the Parish,—their Amusements likewise were well looked to, and the Worthy that could play on the Tabor best, and the Nymph that could dance the *Hays* best, were great People on High-days and Holy-days. The May-pole I well recollect, and its Festoons of Flowers as they danced like Meteors when the Wind played with them. All these Things were a Subject of great Delight to the good old Man. In Fact, the Encourager of all healthful and innocent Sports, he only set his Face against cruel Ones; and when a thoughtless Fellow said Something that tickled

his Fancy, "That's as good as Cock-fighting!" he simply replied. "Man is not to be a common Barretor, to set the Creatures at discord." Happily, Cock-fighting and Bull-baiting, which were no uncommon Amusements in the LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' younger Days, had become quite extinct amongst his People before he reached middle Age. They soon found out that he was an Enemy to all Cruelty, and, as is apt to be the Case, they liked what he liked, and set their Faces against what he would not uphold. No greater Pleasure to them than to please him who studied so much to gratify them. None knew better than he, by Experience, the Truth of that good Line,

"The best the Service of the Least doth need."

It is hardly necessary to say that the Parish over which he presided in a Lay-capacity, had no Inmate in the old tumble-down Workhouse, —nor had the Notion of the new Prison-houses ever entered his Head. The greater Portion of the Poor were employed either on his own Grounds, or on those of his Tenants; and when the Time that they could work no more was come, he devised Means that their Comforts should not be curtailed. At the same Time, in the mildest Way, and guided by the Fifth

See FULLER'S  
*Holy State. Of*  
*Recreations.*

SIR JOHN DA-  
VIES. *The Im-*  
*mortality of the*  
*Soul.*

Anno 4 et 5  
Guliel. IV. c.  
76, § 78.

Commandment, he impressed upon Parents and Children their legal Obligation to assist each other. Indeed, although no Friend to Celibacy, it was always noted, that any young Man or young Woman who married, having aged Fathers or aged Mothers under their especial Charge, fell sensibly in his Estimation, as it seemed to him they lacked Something of natural and Christian Duty. As a Magistrate he likewise took Care to make it known that the Act of the 43rd of ELIZABETH, c. 2. ordered that the "*Father, Grandfather, Mother, Grandmother, Child and Children, of any poor Person, shall be mutually liable for the Relief and Maintenance of such poor Person.*" It may be added here that this is not repealed by the New Poor Law Act. The Result of this, his View of the Case, was, that there was great Self-respect amongst the lower Orders in the whole District, and he was a marked Man who omitted to do every Thing in his Power to amend the Condition of those whose Position it was his Duty, in Love, to cherish and to succour. It could not certainly be said of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, as Ben Jonson said of Master Vincent Corbet, that he "could not reprehend," but it might have been said, in the Lines which follow,

“ His very Manners taught t’amend,  
They were so even, grave and holy ;  
No Stubbornness so stiff, nor Folly  
To License ever was so light  
As twice to trespass in his Sight :  
His Looks would so correct it, when  
It chid the Vice, yet not the Men !”

It added much to the Influence of the Old Man, that he was what the Persians call a Dew-brusker. An old Dramatist speaks of one who

“ Rose before the Sun,  
Then made a Breakfast of the Morning-dew  
Served up by Nature on some grassy Hill ;”

MASSINGER, *The  
Guardian.*

and such,—the Matter of Breakfast not too literally understood,—was he. Ten to one but the Labourer met him as he was going to his Work, and some kind Word was interchanged which softened a Day of Toil. Or, it may be, if his Grooms were lazy, the OLD SQUIRE would himself give one of his favourite Hunters a Breathing, and tell WILL SHORTHOSE to be more on the Alert next Time. On such an Occasion he was sure to pick up more about the Fox’s Earth and the Litter of Cubs, than either Huntsman or Whipper-in could. Old WILLIAM OVERINGTON or FRANCIS FERINGTON, with a short Pipe in their Mouths, had waited for their Opportunity to convey the Intelligence by no second Hand. They knew



better than that!

And thus it was that the easy Tenour of his Life glided on amongst the People where he dwelt, and not one of them but owed him some good Turn or another. They did not think that all England contained a better Heart, and they were not far wrong in their Supposition. Woe betide the Man that should have come into that Neighbourhood and have spoken ill of him whom they so loved, because they had such Reason to respect his Integrity and Worth! The first Horse-pond had been their Dole, and TRINCULO (at which his "Nose was in great Indignation") would not have smelt worse!

*Tempest*, Act iv.  
Sc. i.

It may not be out of Place to remark here that the LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES had divers Proverbs and Sayings he was in the Habit of using amongst his People.\* Aristotle probably he had never looked into, as he never was in a College Lecture-room,—but Experience taught him what the Arch-philosopher picked up how

\* ARISTOTLE'S Words are, *Οἱ γὰρ ἀγροῖκεν μέλιστα χρημοτέωναι*. *Rhet.* ii. xxi. 9. Bp. Andrewes was a great Student of National Proverbs; Selden, in his Table Talk, tells us why: v. *Proverbs*. CORIOLANUS did not love the People when he jeered at their Proverbs. *Act* i. Sc. i. I quite assent to MR. TRENCH'S Remarks in his little Book "On the Lessons in Proverbs."

he might, that Country-folk hold by them. Most of his favourite ones, I have since observed, are included in George Herbert's JACULA PRUDENTUM. Some two or three I call to Mind as I am writing.

Humble Hearts have humble Desires.  
Man propofeth, God difpofeth.  
Look not for Musk in a Dog's Kennel.  
Mend your Clothes and you may hold out this Year.  
None is a Fool always, every one sometimes.  
When the Drink goes in, then the Wit goes out.  
Every Path hath a Puddle.  
Knowledge is Folly except Grace guide it.  
Prayers and Provender hinder no Journey.  
He that hath a Head of Wax muft not walk in the Sun.  
The Back-door robs the Houfe.  
A Jade eats as much as a good Horfe.  
A Fool may throw a Stone into a Well, which a hundred  
wife Men cannot pull out.  
Folly grows without watering.  
                    &c.      &c.      &c.





## CHAPTER VI.

*The Last of the Old Squires amongst his Tenantry,  
Freedom and Respect of those Days.*

DANIEL. *On the  
death of the Duke  
of Devonshire.*

“Mild, affable, and easy of access  
He was; but with a due Reservedness:  
So that the Passage to his Favours lay  
Not common to all Comers; nor yet was  
So narrow, but it gave a gentle Way  
To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.”

**I**N Days gone by Landlords and Tenants had a much fuller and a much more intimate Intercourse than they have now, and it was better for both, for although an English Agent or Steward is no middle Man, and the Evils that have overrun Ireland, on this Account, have been little felt on this Side the Channel; yet was it “merry England” more literally when the SQUIRE let WILL ARMSTRONG the Farm in Person, with the Understanding only that his

Friend and Adviser, NED ATCHERLY, should draw out an Agreement on a bit of Paper intelligible to them both. Everybody knew NED ATCHERLY, the SQUIRE's Lawyer, but how he lived Nobody could quite make out, for his Advice was never to go to Law, and he did as little Law-businefs as possible. A right jolly Fellow was NED, and over a Bottle of Wine, which he knew how to *crush*\* inimitably, there was no better Chamber-counfel in the County. No Wonder, therefore, that THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' Tenants went willingly in search of him, and it *is* faid that no Man's Table was betterfupplied with Geefeand Turkeysat Chriftnas than his,—for he was Landlords' and Tenants' Man in one.

THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES had a Saying about his Tenants which had Pith in it. He fpoke of them as Ore which another Generation might fee refined. And indeed, SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY's Cafe and his, in this

\* So the Servant fays in ROMEO and JULIET, "If you be not of the Houfe of the Montagues, I pray, come and *crush* a Cup of Wine." Aft i. Sc. ii. Johnson fpeaks of this as a cant Expreffion—like "*crack a bottle*;"—but it has an Horatian and claffical Playfulnefs in it.

"Pompei, meorum prime fodalium ?

Cum quo morantem *fæpe diem mero*

*Fregi*," &c. &c.

HOR. *Od.* ii. vii. 5.

Respect, were pretty much alike, for the greatest Part of his Estate was tenanted by Persons who had served either himself or his Ancestors. No Wonder he was attached to them all and they to him. And it was notorious that his Tenantry were the most intelligent in the Neighbourhood. They took a Pride in imitating him in Manner and Conversation, and as he was not in the Habit of using coarse and violent Language, so neither were they. Indeed there was no Man living more alive to the keen Sarcastm of BUTLER in his Character of a "BUMPKIN, or, COUNTRY SQUIRE," and being fond of Hudibras, he had Reason to know how close an Observer he had been of Life and Manners. It was because he knew the Truth of the Description which follows that he was clean and quite the Reverse of it. "A Bumpkin, or, Country-squire, is a Clown of Rank and Degree. He is the Growth of his own Land, a Kind of *Autokthonus*, like the *Athenians*, that sprung out of their own Ground; or Barnacles that grow upon Trees in Scotland. His homely Education has rendered him a Native only of his own Soil, and a Foreigner to all other Places, from which he differs in Language, Manner of living, and Behaviour,

which are as ragged as a Colt that has been bred up on a Common. The Custom of being the best Man in his own Territories has made him the worst everywhere else." Altogether another Sort of Man was THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES. He had seen the Evil brought upon a good Name by evil Example, and he lived amongst his Tenantry to retrieve it, and to lead them on to a higher Estate, and to that Respectability which attaches to those who guard their Self-respect. It may be received as a general Truth, that, NONE LOSE CASTE BUT BY THEIR OWN FAULT.

But, though THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES held these Sentiments, and was averse to all Coarseness and Vulgarity, yet, as amongst the People, so amongst his Tenants, he was the Encourager of all pleasant Intercourse. As before hinted, like SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY, he followed up all "the Methods of Hospitality and good Neighbourhood for the Sake of his Fame; and Country-sports and Recreations for the Sake of his Health." And not only for this, but because he knew that such Amusements kept Country-gentlemen together as well as their Tenants. No Scowl of Discontent passed over a Tenant's Brow when

he hunted with his Landlord in the same Field, and when a Landlord was as cautious as a Tenant not to injure a Blade of Wheat or to poach the Ground on which it grew. And this was a common Thing in the earlier Days of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, and if it so happened that the Fox-hounds did not make their usual *Meets* in the Neighbourhood, he had some half-dozen couple of Beagles for the young Men to follow, lest they should lose a good Seat on their Saddles, or, what was worse, their good Humour. Latterly he kept the Fox-hounds himself, but it was rather imposed upon him by Necessity, than a Matter of his own Free-will. Had he not done so, they must have been given up altogether, and to this he could in no wise consent. "If once we give them up," said he, "we shall have all Sorts of petty Jars and Differences, which *work off* in the open Field, and NED ATCHERLY will be obliged to take an additional Clerk, and to be a veritable Lawyer!" And then he would hum an old Stave of "RARE BEN's," from his Masque of Time Vindicated, and, but for the benevolent Twinkle of his Eye, a Stranger might have thought that all his Thoughts ran upon Dogs and Kennels *as an End*, instead of

a *Means* only, towards that social Intercourse which he loved.

Turn Hunters, then,  
Again.

Hunting it is the noblest Exercise,  
Makes Men laborious, active, wise,  
Brings Health, and doth the Spirits delight,  
It helps the Hearing, and the Sight :  
It teacheth Hearts that never slip  
The Memory, good Horsemanship,  
Search, Sharpness, Courage, and Defence,  
And chafeth all ill Habits thence !

And this was the great Winter-sport to keep all in good Humour. Then in the Summer, between the Hay and the Corn-harvest, when there are usually an odd Day or two, there was the Brook to be fished, in which there was an ample Supply of Trouts, and Jack, and *Scaley ones*, (the common Term in his Neighbourhood for Dace and Roach, &c.) and somehow or another it always chanced that about this Time DICK WHINLEY was sure to *prick* an Otter under the Old Yew-tree by the Brook-side, and a Messenger was despatched for the Otter-hounds, which a Friend of the SQUIRE's kept some ten Miles off, and if the Otter was not caught the Day was not a *Blank*, so marked was Contentment on the Faces of all ! They say we cannot do such Things now,—but THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES did so, and me-



*Alls Well that  
ends Well. Act  
i. Sc. i.*

thinks with old Lafeu, " he was skilful enough to have lived still, if Knowledge could be set up against Mortality !"

But although the good old Man thus headed his People in innocent Amusements, his own Habits, personally, were of the simplest, without, as Daniel so nervously puts it,

" The unmanly and the idle Vein  
Of wanton and superfluous Bravery,  
The Wreck of Gentry, Spoil of Nobleness."

Frugality he knew was the Support of Generosity, and without being aware that Addison had forestalled him, he was the first to declare upon fit and proper Occasions that " Economy in our Affairs has the same Effect upon our Fortunes which good Breeding has upon our Conversations." Hence he taught all the younger Tenants upon the Estate that if they would thrive they must be " early to Bed and early to rise,"—that the Labours of the Day must precede the Pleasures—that the Money they had to spend must be well earned—that Nothing must be spent which could not properly be spared. This and other like Advice he was not sparing to give, and what he counselled they knew he practised. In Fact, within a short Period there had been several disastrous Years,

and it was well known that THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES had not only helped his Tenants to a large Extent, but had publicly come forward with a heavy Sum of Money when the Necessities of the Country seemed to demand it. "A COUNTRY-GENTLEMAN," he said, "SHOULD BE THE FIRST TO SUPPORT THE COUNTRY."

It must not be omitted here that the LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES always headed his own Table on the Rent-days, and that they were held at his own House. It was an additional Holiday to all the Tenants, this, and strange as it may appear, it is a literal Fact, that the Rent was quite a secondary Consideration with them. They knew that they were not overcharged, and what they paid they paid with hearty good Will. Not one but drank to the good old Toasts of CHURCH AND KING, and to as many more as the Custom of the Times required. The last Toast always was to the LADY OF THE HOUSE, of whom a Word will be spoken in its proper Place.

But, the great Festival of the Year was within the twelve Days of Christmas, and then the Old Hall was filled with rustic Revelry without a wrinkle, and the Invitation was

pretty much in old TUSSEK's Words, for whose Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry the OLD SQUIRE had a great Respect,—almost equal to that of the sometime LORD MOLESWORTH, who would have had a School for Husbandry in every County with TUSSEK for the Text-book.

“ At Christmas play, and make good Cheer,  
For Christmas comes but once a Year ! ”





CHAPTER VII.

*The Last of the Old Squires at Church ; His  
Religious Views. The Parish Church.*

“ Though we pass over our Time, without ever asking our own Consciences why we were sent hither. Though our Sins have hardened us against God, and done a harder Work than that, in hardening God against us,—yet though we have turned God into a Rock, there is Water in that Rock, if we strike it, if we solicit it, affect it with our Repentance. As in the Stone-font in the Church, there is Water of Baptism, so in the Corner-stone of the Church, Christ Jesus, whom we have hardened against us, there is a Tenderness, there is a Well of Water, springing up into everlasting Life.”

DONNE, *Sermon*  
lxxviii. p. 795.  
Folio.

**F**ROM what has been said in previous Pages the Reader will have picked up that THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, though essentially a Squire, and alive to all the Enjoyments of a Country-life, was a serious thinking Man. In his latter Days, indeed, with unfeigned Humility, he used to regret that he had not redeemed the Time, as he ought to have done, and he would say that

“ most Men did but offer up the Dregs of an ill spent Life to the God of their Salvation.” Grand, however, were his Hopes, and his Eyes, like old Simeon’s, had seen how great Things God had done for him, and for all those who call upon his Name out of a pure Heart fervently ! To have heard him discourse on the certainty of Salvation might have seemed to some presumptuous,—but it was Nothing of the Kind, it was that simple, child-like, confiding Faith, which apprehended Christ, and had no more Doubt of the Promises than of the Sun’s uprising or his going down !

And, with these his Views, we may be sure that he was regularly to be found in his Pew at the Parish-church. A retired Spot was that of the old Parish-church, and not easily forgotten. Than the Building itself Nothing could be more plain,—indeed it was almost unfighly. Of the original Fabric Nothing remained but the old east Window,—the Windows of the Nave had been filled up long ago, as Churchwardens use to fill them up, inserting Wood for the Stone-mullions as they fell out. And then the Exterior had been cased with Brick, and a Stone Stair-case had been run up outside to get at the Gallery, above which was the little

shingled Tower containing two Bells—very small—one of which was cracked. The Porch was comparatively modern, but in the Corner, like as in a Baptistry, was the original Font,—a large old Norman Vase, altogether without Pillars or any other Ornament. How much superior to any modern Font! Strange it was that THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES should not have restored the Church which his Forefathers had neglected,—not out of Irreverence, but because their Day was “*a Day of small Things*,” and the Restoration of Churches was less thought of,—yet he did not. All that he did, as a Thank-offering when his Children were put out in Life, was to restore the east Window, and to fill it with stained Glafs. The Fact is, that he loved the old Church as it was, and the two old Bells with their *hang-tag* sound were more melodious in his Ears than a Cathedral Peal.\* But if the old Church itself was plain, almost to Meanness, it was not, as was

*Zech. iv. 10.*

\* “The three small Bells from the Church-tower were calling the Villagers to Prayer, with the gentlest Notes of Invitation and Persuasion; not like the vehement and authoritative Power of Address thrown from the Steeple over the Streets of some populous Town, but rather with Notes affectionate and almost colloquial.”

*Preston Church, Suffex.* CHARLES TOWNSEND.

said, easily forgotten. It was surrounded entirely by Yew-trees—most of them hardly more than 180 Years old,—but one of great Antiquity. The Saxon might have cut his Bow from it to repel the Norman. Close upon the Road-side, no Traveller passed it by without pausing to comment on its reverend Shade. Beneath was the Country-brook, which murmured sweetly over the Pebbles, bespeaking Peace, and the little Foot-bridge leading to the Wood, than which Nothing could be more picturesque. On the other Side were high Banks, and it was from these that the Church looked so beautiful. The little Tower peeped out with its Shingles from amongst the dark Foliage of the Yew-trees, and, in the Summer, Nothing broke the Silence that reigned around, save the Voice of the Squealers—the Country-name for Swifts—as they wheeled at Will in lessening or widening Circles;—or it might be some Jackdaw, who perked and peered about to see that his Abode was not taken from him by these flighty Visitors of the Summer,—no sooner come than gone! Thickly tenanted was the Church-yard, and there lay those, hard by whose dust he was in due Time to be laid—*alas! is laid*—in sure and certain Hope of the Resurrection to eternal

life! Then, wherefore say, *Alas?* HE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH!

To this, his Parish-church, it was that he came regularly as the Sunday came round. Here he came, bowed in Heart and Spirit, a Lover of Prayer at Home, and especially in the House of Prayer, where Unity is Strength. Here his clear sonorous Voice might be heard as he made the Responses, and the deep Solemnity of his AMENS told those less so, how much *he* was in Earnest. Everybody knew that he, like Nehemiah of old, had a "*great Work to do,*" when the Knee of his Heart was bent, and his every Thought was suing to the Mercy-seat-ward! Ill-pleased was he with those who came late to Church and disturbed the Prayers of the Congregation, and finding *him* in earnest, the People for the most part became so too, and their Prayers did Good to their Souls, neither were they

"Like rank Corn that grows  
On Cottages, that none or reaps or sows."

The Devotion of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES was unmistakeably serious. At the same Time, disliking puritanical Precision, he taught by Example how to serve the Lord with Gladness! To him the Sunday was "A DE-

*Neb. vi. 3.*

MARLOWE. *Hero and Leander.*  
3rd Sestiyad.

*Isai. lviii. 13.*



*Prov. iii. 17.**DONNE, Sermon  
lxxix. p. 807.  
Folio.*

LIGHT, *the Holy of the Lord, honourable,*” and he did, verily, and without a Figure, delight himself in the Lord. None knew better than he that “the Canker and the Rust of Adam’s Sin,” as one calls it, was in his Bones,—but to serve God and to be cheerful he thought a wife and a good Motto, and he added that he had good Authority for so thinking, and that the Proverb was a wise one which declared of true Religion and undefiled, that “HER WAYS ARE WAYS OF PLEASANTNESS, AND ALL HER PATHS ARE PEACE!”

The good old Man did not presume to think himself a Divine, but he nevertheless lived Divinity. Perhaps what he constantly said and maintained may be sufficiently expressed in the Words of a great Divine. “I know Nothing, if I know not Christ crucified. And I know not that, if I know not how to apply him to myself. Nor do I know that, if I embrace him not in those Means, which he hath afforded me in his Church, in his Word, and Sacraments. If I neglect this Means, this Place, these Exercises, howsoever I may satisfy myself with an overvaluing mine own Knowledge at Home, I am so far from fulness, as that Vanity itself is not more empty. The simplest Man as well

as the greatest Doctor is bound to know, that there is one God in three Persons;—that the second of those, the Son of God, took our Nature, and died for Mankind:—and that there is a Holy Ghost, which, in the Communion of Saints, the Church established by Christ, applies to every particular Soul the Benefit of Christ's universal Redemption." Such, or the Like, was his simple Notion of Religion, and he was not much given to argue such Points:—indeed he had a certain curt Way of cutting short an Argument which was not altogether agreeable to any one who loved Disputation. All curious Speculations he had no Relish for, and, indeed, treated them with Contempt; and he was inclined to be displeased with the Opinions of those who denied that Man had any Power to stir a Step in the Ways of Holiness. He thought that such a Notion might lead to great Errors in Life and Practice, which assumed that "every good Work is a Sin." Freely he admitted that in the best Things, as HOOKER said, there was something that needed Pardon, but that Pardon was nigh at Hand;—and he thought that Dr. DONNE spoke to the Purpose in declaring, "There is Nothing in this World, no, not in spiritual Things, not in

*Ut supra*, p.  
822.

Knowledge, not in Faith, not in Charity, perfect. But yet, for all these Imperfections, Christ doth not refuse, nor chide, but cherish their Piety," who love his Holy Name and his Word. It is Sir John Davies, I think, who says, in his Poem on the Immortality of the Soul,

" And though those Sparks were almost quenched by Sin,  
Yet they whom that JUST ONE hath justified;  
Have them increased with heavenly Light within,  
And like the Widow's Oil still multiplied."

And with these Views it will readily be supposed that he was a Lover of plain Sermons, and plain Preaching. In Truth, he could scarcely tolerate any other, and he had an old Saying, that " hard Matter was like knotty Timber, not good for Edification." The Language spoken from the Pulpit, he said, must be such as the People can understand, and he minded how the Vicar of the Parish, to whom he was greatly attached, had once told him that he learned to model all his Sermons after these Sentences, which he had marked off in his Copy of Bishop WILSON's *Sacra Privata*. " With what Truth can it be said that your Sheep hear your Voice, when you speak of Matters above their Capacity, or in a Language or Terms which they do not understand! Can any Man

imitate a greater Master of Eloquence than JESUS CHRIST was, whose great Excellency appears in making great Truths understood by the meanest Capacity?" "Depend upon it," continued the venerable Teacher, "there is a great Difference betwixt People admiring a Preacher, and being edified by his Sermons!" So spake the Vicar, much to THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' Content, who hung upon his Words—so earnest! so soul-stirring—like the lowliest of the Congregation. To him GEORGE HERBERT'S Words were no vain Words, but realized every one:

"On Sunday, Heaven's Door stands ope,  
Blessings are plentiful and rife,  
More plentiful than Hope!"

It has been above stated that THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES had no Ear for curious Speculations. He himself, nevertheless, entertained some peculiar Opinions, contracted whether from private Meditation or from a discerning and inquiring Spirit. But he never broached them in Public, neither were they positive, for he always fell back upon the plain simple Words of SACRED WRIT. What CLARENDON reports of the ever memorable MR. JOHN HALES of Eton, (and they were the

*Life, &c. i. 60.*

Sentiments of the good BISHOP HALL\* likewise,) might have been put into the good old Man's Mouth. He would often say, " his Opinions he was sure did him no Harm, but he was far from being confident, that they might not do others Harm who entertained them, and might entertain other Results from them than he did; and therefore he was very reserved in communicating what he thought himself on those Points, in which he differed from what was received." One only Point of private Speculation shall be touched upon, for its very Beauty and Thoughtfulness, and that related to our LORD AND SAVIOUR'S INCARNATION. On this Head he was often heard to say by those who knew his innermost Heart, that Something of this Sort might have passed in the Counsels of Heaven.

" I can suppose the Almighty grieving over the Sins of one World after another as they fell

---

\* BISHOP HALL's Words must be given in a Note. " Let me advise you to walk ever in the beaten Road of the Church, not to run out into single Paradoxes. And if you meet at any Time with private Conceits that seem more probable, suspect them and yourself; and if they can win you to assent, yet smother them in your Breast, and do not dare to vent them out, either by your Hand or Tongue, to trouble the common Peace. It is a miserable Praise to be a witty Disturber." *Epistles*, Decad. iv. Epist. v. Vol. i. p. 348. Ed. Folio.

away,—and the Son at last suggesting that he thought HE could create a World which should not so fall away ;—that the Almighty charged him to do so, and that he on that proceeded to create this Earth ;—that it, in due Time, followed the Example of former Worlds, and fell into Sin equally gross ;—and then the Son, as he held himself responsible for the World he had made, thereupon undertook to take their Sins upon himself,—as he had failed to make a sinless World,—and became the Atonement for us all.”

The good Man was not aware how close Sentiments and Views like these trenched upon Arianism,—but, even Milton, with all his religious Lore, fell into a like Error. The Italian Reader in weighing the “ *vite gratissimus Error*” of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, might not unaptly call to Mind the Words of CAMPAILLA in the ADAMO,

“ Cieli udite ; odi Terra : lo, che dovea  
Con innocente Umanità sposarmi,  
Di lesa Deità già ch'ella è rea,  
Risolvo, di passabile umanarmi :  
Nascendo poi da Verginella Ebreà,  
Tutte le colpe sue voglio addossarmi ;  
E a risarcir di Dio l'offeso onore,  
Spoglie, e pena portar, di Peccatore.”

*Canto Vigesimo  
ed Ultimo, 53,  
Tom. ii. p. 279.  
In Milano 1757.*

In his latter Days the Perversions to Ro-

*Gerusal. Lab.*  
Cant. vi. lxxvii.

manism were much talked of, and not without some Alarm did the Back-friends raise their Cry.

" Là nella bella Italia, ov' è la Sede  
Del valor vero e della vera Fede ! "

But the good old Man was unmoved, and gave little Heed to Alarmists. He thought the Way

GEORGE  
PEELE'S Fare-  
well.

" To deface the Pride of Antichrist  
And pull his Paper Walls and Popery down,"

was to live the Lives of Christian Men,—as the Litany speaks of " true Worshipping," that is to say, " in Holiness and Righteousness of Life ! " And upon this Point, as upon most others, he and the Vicar were well agreed. But he did not know that the Parson had been dipping into Luther's COLLOQUIA MENSALIA, when he said, with much Emotion, "*Truly, I am less afraid of the Pope and his Tyrants, than I am of our own Ingratitude towards the Word of God ; 'tis that will place the Pope in his Saddle again !*" The Parson and the OLDSQUIRE were far-seeing Men !

Of Course, holding the Position he did, his Example was influential. Every one knew that he was expected at the Parish-church, and an irregular Attendant and an Absentee, was sure to meet with a Rebuke and a Reprimand.

Living as he did in an agricultural, or rather, a *dairy* Parish, he knew that all could not be present,—but “where there is a Will,” he said, “there is a Way,” and once a-day at least he expected the Attendance of every Member of each Family; and if any seemed to exact more Service on this “holy restful Day,” as our Homilies call it, than was absolutely required according to the royal Law of Charity, he would say that he admired vastly that old Law of the Saxon King Ina, that “*if a Villein work on a Sunday by his Lord’s Command he shall be free.*” Such was his Reverence for the Sunday that he almost doubted whether we had not presumed too much on the Relaxation of the Jewish Sabbath. At all Events he thought seriously upon that traditional Canon of the Jews recorded by MAIMONIDES, and of which the good Vicar had told him, “*Let a Man ever go to Morning and Evening Prayer in the Synagogue; and every one that hath a Synagogue in his City and prayeth not in it with the Congregation, he is called AN EVIL NEIGHBOUR.*”

It was hinted at before that THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES was a great Lover of old TUSSEY’S Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, and it may be added here that he was

LIGHTFOOT’S  
*Works*, i. 611.  
Folio.



used to revert frequently to the “Principal Points of Religion,” thus summed up by that very practical old Poet,—the tattered Volume rises up before me as I write, with its partial Black-letter, and the *hiatus valde deflendus* of the eight or ten first Pages!

“To pray to God continually,  
 To learn to know him rightfully,  
 To honour God in Trinity,  
 The Trinity in Unity,  
 The Father in his Majesty,  
 The Son in his Humanity,  
 The Holy Ghost's Benignity,  
 Three Persons, one in Deity.  
 To serve him always holily,  
 To ask him all Things needfully,  
 To praise him in all Company,  
 To love him alway, heartily,  
 To dread him alway, christianly,  
 To ask him Mercy, penitently,  
 To trust him alway, faithfully,  
 To obey him alway, willingly,  
 To abide him alway, patiently,  
 To thank him alway, thankfully,  
 To live here alway, virtuously,  
 To use thy Neighbour, honestly,  
 To look for Death still, presently,  
 To help the Poor in Misery,  
 To hope for Heaven's Felicity,  
 To have Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
 To count this Life but Vanity,  
 Be Points of Christianity.” *Quoth TUSSEK.*



# CHAPTER VIII.

## *The Last of the Old Squires' Objections to, and Dislike of, Dissent and Dissenters as a Body.*

"Let the Youth of the Nation be made to know that all the Bustle and Stir raised by Schismatics and Dissenters against the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England, has been intended only for a Blind and a Cheat upon those lamentable Tools, the unthinking Rabble, whom these leading Impostors are still managing and despising at the same Time."

SOUTH'S SERM.  
ON PROP. XXII. 6.  
Vol. III. p. 408.

**D**IETRO asks of MALVOLIO in the Malcontent, "And Sir, whence come you now?" to which the latter replies, "From the public Place of much Diffimulation, the Church!" And a very bitter Reply it was, and such as might have proceeded from the Mouth of the most thorough-going and determined Dissenter, utterly opposed to the Church established in these Realms.

"But, whence this Bitterness, deep-grained as Malvolio's?"

Objecting to Dissent on Principle, and disliking Dissenters as a Body, THE LAST OF THE

OLD SQUIRES held his own Views on this Matter. He thought, indeed, that there had been a "*great forsaking in the Midst of the Land*" for many many Years, and that because the People did not *see their Teachers*, as they ought to have done, Dissent grew up; — but, without sparing any who had neglected their Charge, he looked deeper for that Root of Bitterness than most around him did, and he found it, as he thought, feeding upon the Democracy of our Nature, and tending to Anarchy. And when pressed upon the Point, "without either polished Words or filed Speeches," he would speak as earnestly as Philoponus did to Spudeus in the "*ANATOMIE OF ABUSES*," winding up hopefully, nevertheless, and saying, "There is Nothing so lethal nor yet any Offence so grievous which the Grace and Mercy of God is not able to countervail withal, and if it be his good Pleasure to blot it out for ever." And thus he spoke when he spoke most severely of Separatists and Dissenters, who, he thought, were for turning Religion into Rebellion and Faith, into Faction. In much rabid Dissent he beheld Hypocrisy and Profaneness, and he knew, though their Faces were turned the contrary Way, that Superstition and Ido-

latry were in their Wake. Heresies and false Doctrines, he was well assured, must disturb the Peace of the Church, and Schisms and causeless Divisions weaken it. Look which Way he would he could not put up with Separatists, but called them the "Pope's Journeymen and Janizaries," and he was convinced that South, even when he spoke most cuttingly, as he was used to do, had deep Penetration to say, "It is evident to the whole World, that it is their weakening the Church of England by their Separation from it, and their insufferable virulent Invectives against it, which makes OLD RENARD THE POPE, with his Wolves about him, presume, that he may attack it now (being thus weakened by our encouraged Dissenters to his Hands,) with Victory and Success."

Such were the Feelings pretty much which influenced THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES on the Subject of Dissent. Loyal to the Backbone himself, he fancied he descried in the Rejection of Church Authority by the mixed Multitude of Separatists the coming Flood of Democracy. His Acquaintance with LORD CLARENDON'S History of the Rebellion has been before hinted at, and such Passages as the following were indelibly impressed upon his

*Serm. on Gal. ii.  
5. Vol. iv. 187.*

*Hist. of Rebellion,*  
Book vi. 1642.  
Vol iii. p. 230  
—233.

Mind. “ I must not forget, though it cannot be remembered without much Horror, that this strange Wild-fire among the People was not so much and so furiously kindled by the Breath of the Parliament, as of their Clergy, who both administered Fuel, and blowed the Coals in the Houses too. These Men having creeped into, and at last driven all Learned and Orthodox Men from, the Pulpits, had, as is before remembered, from the beginning of this Parliament, under the Notion of Reformation and Extirpating of Popery, infused Seditious Inclinations into the Hearts of Men against the present Government of the Church; with many libellous Invectives against the State too. — There are Monuments enough in the seditious Sermons at that Time printed, and in the Memories of Men, of others not printed, of such wresting and perverting of Scripture to the odious Purposes of the Preacher, that pious Men will not look over without trembling.— And indeed no good Christian can, without Horror, think of those Ministers of the Church, who, by their Function, being Messengers of Peace, were the only Trumpets of War, and Incendiaries towards Rebellion!” These and other like Passages floated before the good old

Man's Vision when the Maundering of Dissent reached his Ears, and he was vastly alive to the great *Revival* of cardinal Truths which resulted upon the preaching of WESLEY to other single-hearted Men of his Stamp.

The Truth is, that in the Parish where THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES lived there resided one of the best of Clergymen, who preached "CHRIST CRUCIFIED" most faithfully, and "*went about doing Good*" in the Steps of his Divine Master. In him the People, if they would but open their Eyes, might see their Teacher, and if they *would not*, then THE OLD SQUIRE said, "Their Dissent was the Pride of Ignorance." To this he added, "that they often wanted the Rod, and the Vicar knew how to use it, when wandering Preachers would but be speaking smooth things and prophesying Deceits." And certainly this is what the voluntary System often led to, and there was much Truth in the Views of the good old Man. Contracted, however, they were, and he was scarcely alive to the dull Torpor which had seized many of the Clergy, and had paralyzed their Efforts for half a Century or more. He reasoned only from the particular Fact that the Gospel was preached where he lived. He did

DRAYTON, *Baron's Wars*, B. iv. liii. Vol. i. p. 161. 8vo.

not realize the Truth that Indolence and the Love of Gain could Tongue-tie the Ambassadors of Christ! Yet it did, and therefore was Learning decried as the necessary Accompaniment of a drowsy, sleeping, Piety!

"No Wonder that the People grew profane  
When Churchman's Loves gave Laymen leave to fall."

Then again, there was a Coarseness and a Vulgarity about all the Dissenters which had come in his Way, and he could not tolerate it. He felt sure that by pandering to the unruly Wills and Affections of a People they must lower the Standard of Principle. Add to this, he had known great Scepticks in Life amongst them, though they talked loudly of Religion. And very true it is, that under the Vigour of the strictest and the straightest Life there is oftentimes great Abomination, as that old Satirist said in his Fig for Momus:

THOMAS LODGE.

"Thus with the World the World dissembles still,  
And to their own Confusions follow will;  
Holding it true Felicitie to flie  
Not from the Sinne, but from the seeing Eye."

There was a Want of Charity too in their Manner of claiming Heaven to themselves and shutting out all but an *Elect Party*, which he could not set down as CATHOLIC. "A truly *Evangelical* Person," he would add, "would

think lowlier of himself ; at all events his Charity would run over, and benefit his Neighbour, in the Stead of enrolling him with the Reprobate." Damnatory Preaching, likewise, was not in Accordance with his Views of Mercy and Loving-kindness. No doubt, the Terrors of the Lord must be, and should be, preached,—but *not always*, for the Cords of a Man are LOVE, and God in Christ reconciling the World unto Himself, is LOVE, and the Holy Spirit of Grace is a LOVING SPIRIT ! And it was because he thus thought, that he called those who preached of Judgment without Judgment " Mouth Granadoes,"—an Expression I have since heard, of SOUTH's, who says on this Head, " While such Persons are thus busied in preaching of Judgment, it is much to be wished that they would do it with Judgment too, and not preach Hell and Damnation to Hearers so, as if they were pleased with what they preached ! "

It so happened that once on his Return from Church, through an outlying Portion of the Parish to which his Attention had been called, he found one of these " Drum-ecclesiastics " haranguing some Manufacturers who had recently settled there, and were never known to come to Church, but much given to Poaching.

See CALVIN at the close of his *Doctrine of Decrees*, and ADAM LITTLETON's *Sermon on 1 Tim. ii. 4.* Part ii. p. 10.

Vol. iv. p. 242.

Vol. ii. p. 532.



*Sermon lxxx.*  
P. 763.

It was no little Surprise to them to find THE OLD SQUIRE on the Ground,—certainly a very great one when he told the Preacher to come down, and himself took his Place and addrested them on the Evils of Schism, and exhorted them henceforth to attend in their proper Places, where the Vicar would teach them sound Doctrine as a duly ordained Minister of the Gospel. *His* Lips, he said, were bound to retain Knowledge, whereas *their* Preachers, for the most part, only led them astray in their Ignorance, coupled with overweening Presumption. And he concluded by saying, almost as DR. DONNE would have done, that “ God hath put nothing else into His Church’s Hands to save Men by, but Christ delivered in his Scripture, applied in the Preaching of the Gospel, and sealed in the Sacraments.” For many Years after this it was noted that Dissent was at a Discount.

But, though THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES thoroughly disliked Dissent, and set his Face against all Separatists, he was, as before hinted, alive to the great Negligence of the Clergy in many Districts, and admitted that the Divisions that rent the Land were, in a great Measure, attributable to their want of Zeal and Earnestness. And when many around him would have

taken severe Measures, under the Impression that all Dissent was Democracy in Disguise, (an Opinion in which he very much agreed,) he was always opposed to their View, and counselled Moderation. And the wise Opinion of LORD BACON in his Essay on "Vicissitude of Things" may be noted here. "If a new Sect have not two Properties, fear it not, for it will not spread: the one is the Supplanting or the Opposing of Authority established, for nothing is more popular than that; the other is the giving License to Pleasures, and a voluptuous Life.—*Surely there is no better Way to stop the Rising of new Sects and Schisms than to reform Abuses; to compound the smaller Differences; to proceed mildly, and not with sanguinary Persecutions; and rather to take off the principal Authors, by winning and advancing them, than to enrage them by Violence and Bitterness.*"

*O si sic omnia!* my LORD OF VERULAM!





## CHAPTER IX.

*Certain Anecdotes concerning Dissenting Teachers  
who came under The Last of the Old Squires'  
Notice.*

ABP. ABBOT'S  
*Sermons on Jo-*  
*nah*, p. 5c 2. 4to.  
1613.

"Some Drams and Grains of Gold appear in him and his Action; but Dross is there by Pounds. Little Wine, but Store of Water; some Wheat, but Chaff enough."

WEBSTER. *The  
Malcontent.*

**B**UT how stands MENDOZA? how is it with him?" asks CELSO. "Faith," replies MALEVOLE, "like a Pair of Snuffers, snibs Filth in other Men, and retains it in himself." And so it was pretty much with the Dissenting Teachers that came under THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' Notice. His own Neighbourhood, as before hinted at, was well looked after, and there was wanted there no better Teaching than that of his Time-honoured Vicar. Possibly, probably even, some Hedge-preachers who made their Rounds of the District, were earnest, if ignorant and mis-

guided Men ;—but the most were mere Pilferers of the Poor, and stuffed their Ears with Fustian, if not Profaneness. Their wild Declamation reminded him of the Fable of the Apes, which espying a Glow-worm on a Winter's Night, gathered Sticks, and blowed themselves breathless to make them burn.

There was an arch and humorous Way with the good old Man when he recorded Instances of the low Vulgarity of some Preachers, who, some twenty or thirty Years ago enlightened the Neighbourhood, and who were designated by the no very complimentary Sobriquets of "*Presbyterian Scoundrels*," and "*Puritanical Rascals*." It was in one of the Midland Counties, where Roman Catholics still retained the name of "SHAVER" and "SHAVELING" from the *Tonsure* of their Order, and where "*It is all O.P.*" was yet a Phrase not quite obsolete—implying, as is well known, the several Parties of Orthodox and Puritan, but now corrupted into the simpler Saw, "*It's all U P—up.*"

Amongst other Anecdotes he used to tell how one DICK WHINLEY was won over to join the Dissenting Interest, and out of '*odd Man*,' that is to say, Vagabond and Poacher, to become a Preacher. This said Dick was well

JACKSON'S  
Works, i. 1023.

GREENE'S  
*James IV.*

BROWNE'S *Bri-  
tannia's Pasto-  
rals*, 2 Song.  
HOB. i. *Epist.* x.  
v. 24.

acquainted with what PHILIP STUBBES in his "*Anatomie of Abuses*" calls "Swilboules upon their Ale-benches," where he had often sat penilefs,—for DICK, when he could not get it, still loved the sound of running Liquor, and was as ready for his Cups "as an Oyster for a fresh Tide." Even after his Conversion,—so true is that Stave, transferred from ancient to modern Times,—

"How hard it is to leave, and not to do  
That which by Nature we are prone unto!

\* \* \* \* \*  
It is a Maxim held of all, known plain,  
Thrust Nature off with Forks, she'll turn again!"

—even after his Conversion he could not resist, or hardly, to join in his ancient Revels, and his old Companions used to look out for him. One Sunday after he had joined THE INTEREST he was hastening to the Place of Rendezvous, and had to pass the Village Ale-house, ycleped the Cock. "Now DICK, now DICK," said his old Allies, "take a Cup as you pass!" And willingly would Dick have done so, but he pointed over his Shoulder with unmistakeable Chagrin and Disappointment depicted on his Face, and only said in haste, "*I darena—I darena*"—(that is, I dare not, I dare not)—"*the Minister's close behind!*"

It was this same DICK who wished to preach the first Sunday after he was admitted a Member of the Body, and was with no small Difficulty dissuaded by the itinerant Minister, who little knew, in his haste to make a Convert, what a strange Fish had got into his Net. "Not yet, not yet," said the waggish Boanerges, "Listen to *me* awhile, and mark *me*," and then you will become as impressible as the best of us. Whether or not DICK did become a Preacher of Repute never came to my Knowledge,—but in after Years when I heard THE OLD SQUIRE relate these and many other Anecdotes, I remembered that he was a shrewd clever Fellow of equivocal honesty. His keen, penetrating, gray Eye, told how much he was alive to all that passed around him, and his Manner of Speech showed an intuitive Knowledge of Human Nature, so often found combined with low Cunning. If there was a Shooting-party and DICK was in requisition, it was not MR. DAVENPORT or plain MR. MICKLETHAITE who approved of his Skill as a Beater, but LORD DAVENPORT or My LORD so and so. With him, as with Horace's "*Sardus ille Tiggellius*," as Occasion served, his Speech was of "*reges atque tetrarchas*,"—in fact, "*Omnia*

HOR. i. Sat. iii.  
2. 12.

Neighbourhood, and his Impression naturally was that they did no Good, but infinite Harm. Dissenters of a higher Grade never entered the Parish where his Property was, and where he resided, the Work of Souls was so well laboured on by the Vicar. The venerable old Man, "*a Workman that needed not be ashamed,*" when the Hedge-preachers first showed themselves in his Neighbourhood, used to refer to a Story of the great Reformer, MARTIN LUTHER, repeating it to the OLD SQUIRE with great Glee. "A Lion, making a great Feast, invited all the Beasts, and with them some Swine. When all Manner of Dainties were set before the Guests, the Swine asked, 'Have you no Grains?' Even so," continued THE DOCTOR, "even so, in these Days, it is with our Epicureans. We Preachers set before them, in our Churches, the most dainty and costly Dishes, as everlasting Salvation, the Remission of Sins, and God's Grace; and they, like Swine, turn up their Snouts, and ask for Guilders: offer a Cow a Nutmeg, and she will reject it for old Hay." And the great Man added, "This reminds me of the Answer of certain Parishioners to their Minister, AMBROSE R. He had been earnestly exhorting them to come and listen to God's Word;

‘ Well,’ said they, ‘ if you will tap a good Barrel of Beer for us, we’ll come with all our Hearts and hear you ! ’ ” As upon another Occasion, the good Vicar had been dipping into the COLLOQUIA MENSALIA, where the Anecdote occurs ; — but, very true it is, that the People will frequently fly from the purest Teaching to the wildest Declamation, and there are ever to be found those who will pander to their Tastes, and mar the Simplicity of the Gospel, when they love to have it so ! The Vicar was too well versed in the Windings and Turnings of human Nature not to know this ! *Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur* is an Axiom not confined to the Jesuits. Low Dissent is a Fellow-worker in the same School of Deceit ! All this the Vicar knew well, and with a slight Curl on the upper Lip, and a suppressed Irony, would repeat the Lines of GEORGE GASCOIGNE from his “ FRUITES OF WARRE.”

“ And though it have been thought as true as Steele,  
Which People prate, and preache above the Rest,  
Yet could I never any Reason feele,  
To think *Vox populi vox Dei est*,  
As for my skill, I compt him but a Beast,  
Which trusteth Truth to dwell in common Speech,  
When every Lourden will become a Leech !

Impressed with these Notions, and alarmed by the democratic Tendency of all Dissent be-





## CHAPTER X.

*The Respect in which the Last of the Old Squires held the Clergyman of the Parish—How he taught the Children in conjunction with the Minister and his Servants at Home.*

BP. WILSON,  
*Sacra Privata*,  
p. 131. Ed. 1853.

"We deceive ourselves, if we fancy that we have done our Duty when we have given our People a Sermon one Day in seven : we must try all Ways to gain a Soul."

**W**HEN GAMMER GURTON, not being well at Ease, sent his Boy Cock to search for DOCTOR RAT, his Instructions ran thus,

Shalt have him at his Chamber, or els at Mother Bee's ;  
Els seek him at *Hobfitcher's* Shop ; for, as charde it reported  
Thers is the best Ale in all the Town, and now is most  
resorted.

But, happily, in THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' Days, the Time was past and gone, when it might have been said with the Man in the Play,

“ — The Parson, Pedro, oh! the Parson,  
A little of his Comfort, never so little!  
*Twenty to one you find him at the BUSH,*  
*There's the best ALE.”*

BRAUMONT and  
FLETCHER. *The*  
*Woman's Prime.*  
AG iii. Sc. iv.

No Clergyman but one of refined Tastes and Habits would have been acceptable to a high-bred Gentleman, like the OLD SQUIRE. Resolutely determined himself to lead the People onwards, though an OLD SQUIRE still, he could not have done without the Aid and Assistance of a really good Man. And such a one was the Vicar of the Parish,—simple in his Habits, but shrewd withal and clever,—learned, but without Pedantry or Ostentation,—and a Divine in every Sense of the Word, being “*an Example of the Believers, in Word, in Conversation, in Charity, in Spirit, in Faith, in Purity.*” Brought up in the Country from his earliest Years, he had a thorough Knowledge of the Country and its Ways, which, as GEORGE HERBERT says in that exquisite Book, “THE COUNTRY PARSON,” those who dwell only in their Books will never find. A Man must be above his Books, to be *practically* worth anything. But, though brought up in the Country his Mind had been expanded, both by foreign travel, and by that friendly Collision with his Superiors, which rubs off Conceit, and settles a

I Tim. iv. 12.

Man in his proper Position.

The good Man had been the Friend of the OLD SQUIRE's Brother, who, as before remarked, had died early, and whose Name he never mentioned but under the strongest Emotion. It so happened that shortly after this the Vicarage became vacant, and the first Thing the OLD SQUIRE did was to offer it to his late Brother's Friend. "It's a poor Thing," he said, "and not worth your Acceptance, but I can make it Something better than it is,—at least I will try!" and nobly did he fulfil his Word. But it was, certainly, an Instance of much right Determination on the Side of the Vicar, for at that Time, he was Fellow and Tutor of his College, and admitted to be one of the most rising Men in the University. His Decision, however, was soon made. He had dearly loved the OLD SQUIRE's Brother, and he would (under God!) be a Blessing and a Comfort to the People amongst whom his early Years were spent. And such verily he was! From the Day of his Institution he made up his Mind to accept no other Preferment if offered him,\* and he never did, though offers

---

\* It may be mentioned here that this was the early Decision of the late excellent ARCHDEACON BATHER of BRACE MEOLE

many were made unto him, and most advantageous ones too. To no little Purpose had this Saint of the Lord read those Words of the Apostle Paul which from first to last were his Guides and Counsellors. "*Flee also youthful Lusts; but follow Righteousness, Faith, Charity, Peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure Heart. But foolish and unlearned Questions avoid, knowing that they do gender Strifes. And the Servant of the Lord must not strive: but be gentle unto all Men, apt to teach, patient. In Meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them Repentance to the acknowledging of the Truth. And that they may recover themselves out of the Snare of the Devil, who are taken captive by him at his Will.*" Such were the Words graven on the good old Vicar's Heart! a Man among a Thousand, and like SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY's Chaplain, "of great Learning, great sanctity of Life, and the most exact good Breeding." Had he not been well-bred he never could have suited THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES, who thought somewhat with Paley, that "GOOD MANNERS WERE GOOD MORALS,"

2 Tim. ii. 22—  
26.

in the County of SALOP;—though what is stated in the Text has no Reference whatever to him.

and indeed, did not scruple to say that he never knew a high-bred Gentleman amongst the low Church *Faction*,—not amongst them as a Body, but amongst their *Faction*. They were always, he said, doing mean and paltry Things with the low Cunning of the JESUIT. In Fact, the two Extremes not uncommonly meet, as we see every Day, and as was seen to the Cost of the Nation in the Days of LORD CLARENDON and SOUTH. How bitterly true are the Words of that great Divine, when speaking of our Church established in these Realms! “Those of the ancients Members of her Communion who have all along owned and contended for a strict Conformity to her Rules and Sanctions, as the surest Course to establish her, have been of late represented, or rather reprobated, under the inodious Character of High-churchmen, and thereby stand marked out for all the Discouragement that Spite and Power together can pull upon them; while those of the contrary Way and Principle are distinguished, or rather sanctified, by the fashionable endearing Name of Low-churchmen, not from their affecting, we may be sure, a lower Condition in the Church than others, (since none lie so low, but they can look as

high,) but from the low Condition which the Authors of this Distinction would fain bring the Church itself into, a Work in which they have made no mean Progress already!" Alas! how much more Progress now!

And the old Vicar, who had received all THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' Children in his Arms as Infants, was a devout Clergyman of the old School—true to his Trust, true to his Church,—not one of those who ate her Bread and maligned her. Yet did he not enter into Questions of Party, unless called upon to express his Sentiments, which he did firmly and clearly, and with an unmistakeable Earnestness. On the Contrary, instead of bandying the Terms of "HIGH" and "Low," he strove to live peaceably with all Men, teaching them how to resist Evil. And that pithy Sentence of BP. HALL's was constantly in his Mouth, (for he was one that lived\* the Sermons he preached.) "Out face Sin, out preach it, out live it." Indeed, to use the same excellent Prelate's Words, he thought the "Hypocrite

SOUTH's *Dedication to Narcissus*.  
*Abp. of Dublin*,  
Vol. ii. p. 226.

*Works*, i. 485.  
Ed. Folio, and  
ii. 352.

\* The Country Parson is exceeding exact in his Life, being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his Ways." GEORGE HERBERT, c. iii. "The Character of his Sermon is Holiness, he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy." *Ibid.* c. vii.

but a Player, and the Zany of Religion," and on fit and proper Occasions he declared his Sentiments to the People.

*Gui. Lib. li. ix.*  
*Cf. Il. A. 249.*

*"Cominciò poscia e di sua bocca usciano  
Piu che mel dolce d'eloquenza i fumè."*

In Truth, the good old Man had an excellent winning Way with him. When he read the beautiful and apostolic Prayers of the Church, as he did, distinctly, gravely, affectionately, fervently, the Hearts of the People were bowed as the Heart of one Man; and then, in his plain, practical, sound, well compacted, affecting Sermons, every Eye followed him, and none but confessed to their Worth. There needed no Personalities, for every one made them personal. Neither did he use "over-action and mimical Gesticulations," for he had learned that these were frequently but Marks for very indifferent Matter, and, as an accurate Observer long ago remarked, ill-suited to the Genius of the English Nation. Extempore Sermons, likewise, he studiously avoided, though quite competent to deliver such. Few use them without great Repetitions, *many* from sheer Idleness, or love of Ostentation. It was in talking to the SQUIRE of a "*Duck of a Man*" in the Neighbourhood, who talked much, and did

DR. SPRATT,  
*Bishop of Ro-*  
*chester.*

little, that he applied those Lines of DAN CHAU-  
CER, which so tickled the old Man's Fancy,

"Somewhat he lisped for his wantonnesse  
To make his English swete upon his Tongue.

\* \* \* \* \*

No wher so besy a Man as he ther n'as  
And yet he semed besier than he was!"

Contradistinguished to all such Foppery and Abuse of so holy a Place as the Pulpit, the Vicar's Sermons were short, and clear, and to the Point, and if the People would go Wrong, they knew well enough that "the Anguish of his Heart was more than much." It was to a young Friend of his, on entering the Church, that he pointed out these Words from Bp. BURNET'S Pastoral Care, observing that he knew few so true. "It is certain that a Sermon, the Conclusion whereof makes the Auditory look pleased, and sets them all a talking one with another, was either not right spoken, or not right heard; it has been fine, and has probably delighted the Congregation, rather than edified it. But that Sermon that makes every one go away silent and grave, and hastening to be alone, to meditate or pray over the Matter of it in secret, has had its true Effect."

Such was the Vicar of the Parish in which THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES lived, and no

WARNER'S *Al-  
bion's England.*  
iv. Book, C. 20.



Wonder that he was so attached to him. And the Unity of the two naturally redounded to the Advantage of all around. In those Days Sunday-schools were only in their Infancy, and required Encouragement, and for this Reason, taking care that their little Minds and Bodies should not be over-taxed, he chose to teach the Children in conjunction with the Minister. Within a little Time his Example spurred on many, and, as he foresaw, his inefficient Service would be dispensed with—but he had the Satisfaction to know that he had set the Machine in Motion. Added to this, it was well known that although the Servants at the Hall had every Enjoyment, yet at the same Time they were well taught. And it was commonly said that the real Happiness of that Household resulted from the Fact, that it was a HOUSE OF PRAYER. One Point only should be noted here, which is this. He guarded as well as he could from having FAMILY PRAYER made an *opus operatum*,\*—which it is to be feared is nowadays

\* This Corruption of our Nature is, as might be expected, of the widest Extent. In the Memoir of MRS. STALLYBRASS, the Missionary's Wife among the Buriats of the Lake Baikal, "the Praying Machine" of the poor Heathens has its regular place,—“an Instrument somewhat like a small Mill,—round the Barrel of which a Prayer is rolled, and agitated by the Wind.” *Note*, p. 165. “An old Man called a few Days

a very common Custom. “ *Prayers are said for them,*” say the Servants of many a Household, and so they say none for themselves !  
THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES endeavoured to obviate this Evil as well as he could ; and it is worth the Consideration of Thousands upon Thousands of our Homesteads on which the Blessing of God rests because the Outgoings of the Morning and the Evening are consecrated to his Praise !

What a great Comfort is it to know that against the coming Struggle of Infidelity,—for notwithstanding the Fact that Teachers are multiplied and the People are not consumed for lack of Knowledge, come it will,—the Land of our Fathers is furnished with a CLERGY like the old Vicar, and with a landed GENTRY who have the Heart to lead the People onwards as did,

THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES.

since, on his Way to the Temple, whither he was travelling sixty Versets on foot, though not destitute of a Horse, for the purpose of turning the *Praying-machine* for a Week, which he designed performing on his Arrival, in order to atone for past Misconduct and Drunkenness.” *Ibid.* p. 203.

The Argument from the Abuse of what is good is untenable, and worse, but it is worth while considering that, perhaps, many Houses are no better than the poor Buriats’ *Praying Machine*.—Let us seek the Remedy.

She was indeed educated rather above than below the LADIES of the Country in that Day. Her Father was an old EAST INDIAN COLONEL, —a stern old Gentleman, as his Neighbours thought, but in truth (Whig as he was), one that had in him the Milk of human Kindness unfoured. So thought the BEGUM, who threw herself and her Child into his Arms in the ROHILLA War, and she was no ill Reader of the Countenance he bore. He is said to have left behind him a curious MS. of the ROHILLAS, and the Necklace of the BEGUM (her Token of Gratitude for a Life preserved!) is still in the Possession of the Family. Such was the Father of THE OLD SQUIRE'S LADY, who brought her to England very young, and nearly lost her on the Voyage, for she fell overboard out of the Hands of the poor old black Nurse, and had he not plunged after her at once, she must inevitably have been drowned. Her Constitution, throughout Life seemed to flinch from the Shock she then received,—or it may be, she did not well bear transplanting from the Suns of the East to this our more ungenial Clime in the West. Be it as it may, she was always delicate, and lived for others rather than for herself. Of India she recollected nothing

herself, but her elder Sister (as deeply afflicted as deeply affectionate!) well recollected how her old Nurse used to bid her kiss her Hand to the Moon, and she had an abiding Illustration in herself, often adverted to, of those Verses in the Book of Job, "*If I beheld the Sun when it shined, or the Moon walking in brightness; And my Heart hath been secretly enticed, OR MY MOUTH HATH KISSED MY HAND: This also were an Iniquity to be punished by the Judge; for I should have denied the God that is above.*"

*Job xxxi. 26—  
28.*

One Brother they had to whom they were deeply attached, but his Ways were not their Ways, and Sorrow, Sicknefs, and Losses laid hold upon him, and he died lamented.

Another Circumstance tended to supple and intenerate the Heart of this good Lady—THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW in her own Household. It pleased God to take from her an angelic Infant, too like the Kingdom of Heaven for this Earth, and great was the Influence it had upon her whole Life after, for it impressed upon her this Truth, that "every Call from God to suffer, is a Command also to submit." The consequence was that she was the best Comforter of the Rich or the Poor's Bereavements, for as she poured in Oil and Balm to mitigate

*SOUTH, Vol. vi.  
P. 516.*

*The Last of the*

DANIEL. *To the  
Lord Henry  
Howard.*

what the LADY of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES could. They seemed to be too condescending in their Way of shewing Kindness, and therefore it lacked Reality. For,

“ Be it that the Vulgar are but gross,  
Yet are they capable of Truth, and see  
And sometimes guess the right.”

It is Education that the Poor want, not intuitive Perception, and they are as fully alive to who is, and who is not, the Gentleman, as any. It is a great Mistake that *parvenus* make,—that of overdoing,—and it sometimes takes more than one Generation to find this out. The great Influence of this good LADY arose from her almost innate Kindness of Heart and from her partaking in the Joys and Sorrows of those around her, as though they had been, in some sort, her own.

Amongst her other Attainments was some practical Skill in simple Remedies, and although generally, such Matters might be left to the Housekeeper's Room, yet in Cases that needed personal Attention (such as no medical Man *could* give) *this* she never grudged.\* She was

---

\* Amongst her invaluable and *harmless* Medicines, the Prescription following is given as most useful for a Comforter to the Poor :—

as well known to all the Poor of the Neighbourhood, as good old George III. was to the Gipsies of the Forest. Reader, if you have never read the "GREEN-WOOD SHRIFT" of CAROLINE BOWLES, take an early Opportunity of doing so! What Kings have done, the best Lords and Ladies of a Land may do, and be blessed in their Deed!

A remarkable Instance of her Influence occurred on the first Access of that awful Scourge, the Cholera, which still threatens us. It is well known how averse many of the Poor are to have their dwellings interfered with, and how they will hoard the Filth and Refuse of their Houses to the detriment of their own and their Children's Health. After all the Advice tendered to them by the BOARD OF HEALTH and the LOCAL BOARDS, THE OLD SQUIRE'S LADY found out that the beloved "*Middens*" in that Locality were still cherished. THE LAST OF

---

R. "To three half-pints of cold *boiled* Water, put a Dessert spoonful of Carbonate of Soda, and another of Calcined Magnesia. When dissolved, add two Wine-glasses full of Peppermint Water—two Table-spoons full of Sal Volatile, and two Tea-spoons full of *Syrup of Morphia*. Dose, two Table-spoons full. To be well shaken."

The Medicine went by the name of "THE LADY'S *White Medicine*;" and was highly approved of by a celebrated medical Man.

*The Last of the*

THE OLD SQUIRES might storm, as he did, and the Bailiff threaten, as the good old Man did not,—but it was all in vain. But when the LADY whom they loved came amongst them personally, and made her Wishes known, not only was every Heap removed, but every Cottage white-washed. Never was there such a Strife about Cleanliness before in those Parts, and not only was no Case of Cholera declared, but it was an acknowledged Fact that certain Cases of low Fever which had for some time lingered about, entirely disappeared. How true, how very true, are those Lines of WEBSTER in his APPIUS AND VIRGINIA !

*“ The Plague that in some folded Cloud remains  
The bright Sun soon disperseth : but observe,  
When black Infection in some Dunghill lies,  
There’s Work for Bells and Graves, if it do rise ! ”*

It may be noted in passing, and as the certain sure Test of Experience, that what SIR JOHN DAVIES notices in his Immortality of the Soul, is always borne out amongst our Poor.

*“ The Man loves least at Home to be  
That hath a sluttish House.”*

It is hardly necessary to add that the good LADY’S Name appeared at the Head of all Charities, together with that of her HUSBAND.

Indeed the Charities of the Parish, and the Schools, were almost altogether under their private Hand, and would have been so entirely, but that they knew that Charity was a diffusive Grace, and that when Men were accustomed to give, they would give the more.

One thing, latterly, much disturbed her, and that was the modern Excess of Dress, especially amongst the Females of the Parish. Where this predominates there are no Savings, and married Couples start Life at a great Disadvantage. She did, however, what she could to discourage what STUBBES calls this “mingle mangle of Apparel,” and never admitted any one on to the Clothing-club she supported who flaunted it out “daily in Silkes, Velvettes, Satins, Damaskes, Taffetas, and such like; notwithstanding that they be both base by Birth, mean by Estate, and servile by Calling.” Servants, she said, instead of dressing as they do, ought *to make themselves wanted*, and then they would never want either Respectability or full Employment.

It should be added that this excellent LADY still survives,—the last almost of a by-gone Generation. The OLD MANOR HOUSE being too large for her, and the Care of a *Ménage*



*The Last of the*

disturbing those daily Lectures she read to herself of Mortality, she removed, not long ago, to a House near the Church, from whence she can look upon THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES' Grave, and attend twice each Sunday the Service she loves so well. Unobserved, as she thinks, she is "the Observed of all Observers," and the Poor never forget her in their Prayers ! And thus we leave the excellent LADY.

PHINEAS FLETCHER, *Purple Island.*

"Limning true Sorrow in sad silent Heart.  
Light Grief floats on the Tongue ; but heavy Smart  
Sinks down, and deeply lies in Centre of the Heart."





## CHAPTER XII.

### *The Last of the Old Squires at Home—His Children—How he and his Lady taught them.*

“No Man can tell but he that loves his Children, how many delicious Accents make a Man's Heart dance in the pretty Conversation of those dear Pledges; their Childishness, their Stammering, their little Angers, their Innocence, their Imperfections, their Necessities, are so many little Emanations of Joy and Comfort to him that delights in their Persons and society.”

JER. TAYLOR,  
“*The Marriage  
Ring.*” Vol. v.  
p. 269. Heber.

**A** MORE joyous Home and Homestead than that of THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES could hardly be found in merry England. His Means, which were ample, allowed him, when he chose, to keep open House, and he chose to do so as a Lover of Hospitality, whenever it did not interfere with his own or his Family's Privacy and Retirement, and Seasons when it is good to be alone; and he often said, in old TUSSEY'S Words,

“Let Lent, well kept, offend thee not.”

At the same time he was Anything but a Pre-

cifian, and could not bear, as we have seen before, the Names of PURITAN, PRESBYTERIAN, or SHAVELING. They had been abused to bad Purposes, and he scarcely admitted them into his Vocabulary. His great Notion of a Fast even, (GOOD FRIDAY *always excepted*,) ended in sending Portions and Gifts to the Poor, and when the Old Vicar was inclined to speak somewhat more closely on the Point, the good old Man always rounded off what he had to say with an ARABIAN PROVERB which he had picked up, he never knew where, but evidently to his Satisfaction.

FOSTER, *Mahometanism Unveiled*, i. 358; ii. 105.

*"How many feast, while they fast,  
How many fast, while they feast."*

These and many other like Traits in his Character showed THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES to be a Man of Thought. Up with the Lark, and the first in the Field, not always measured in his Language, and always ready to explode when thwarted in his Squirearchy, he not only *could*, but *did*, look inward continually, and amongst the noble Folios, of County Histories especially, that graced his Library, he rarely turned to any on a wet Day with more Satisfaction than to that Portion of JEREMY TAYLOR's Life of Christ which speaks of ME-

DITATION as “the Tongue of the Soul, and the Language of our Spirit; and our wandering Thoughts in Prayer are but Neglects of Meditation and recessions from that Duty; and according as we neglect Meditation, so are our Prayers imperfect; Meditation being the Soul of Prayer, and the Intention of our Spirit. But, in all other things, Meditation is the Instrument and Conveyance; it habituates our Affections to Heaven, it hath permanent Content, it produces Constancy of Purpose, despising of Things below, inflamed Desires of Virtue, Love of God, Self-denial, Humility of Understanding, and universal correction of our Life and Manners.” Such were the inner Thoughts of the Man who could throw his Fly into the Fish’s Mouth, was a dead Shot, and always in at the Death. THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES at Home was certainly a most enviable Person!

Next, let us look to him as the GOOD PARENT.

In his own younger Years, as before reported, he had had some Disadvantages, which he endeavoured to repair, and without Pedantry or Ostentation became one of the best-informed Men in the Neighbourhood, if not the best. But, what had been a Disadvantage to him he took

*Works*, Vol. ii.  
P. 123.

*The Last of the*

Prov. xxii. 6.  
Ephes. vi. 4.

good Care should not be such to his Children, and he therefore gave them the best and soundest Education in his Power. And first, or ever they were sent to School, they were well grounded in that HOLY FEAR which is the only Introduction to HAPPINESS here and hereafter. At their Mother's Knees they said their Prayers, and by her Side they read their Bibles. Two plain Texts were indelibly impressed upon her own Heart, and they were these, "*Train up a Child in the Way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;*" and "*Bring them up in the Nurture and Admonition of the Lord.*" Straightforward in her own Course of Duty, this excellent Lady strove to mould her Children to a like heavenly Pattern, making their Religion a Part and Parcel of their Lives. As BEN JONSON says in his beautiful Lines on PENSURST,

" They are, and have been taught Religion ; thence  
Their gentler Spirits have suck't Innocence.  
Each Morn and Even they are taught to pray  
With the whole Household, and may, every Day,  
Read in their virtuous Parents' noble Parts,  
The Myteries of Manners."

PIETY WITHOUT ASCETICISM, was the study of her whole Life, and she always thought that the Ways of true Religion were Ways of Plea-

fantnefs. Having observed that Children were eafily made to think it otherwife, ſhe ſhewed them by her own bright Example how it was poſſible to ſerve God and to be cheerful. And then did her Face beam with Delight when ſhe thought moſt ſeverely, and even expreſſed herſelf almoſt in the Words of ELIZABETH GRYMESTONE's Meditations, " There is no Moment of Time ſpent which thou art not accountable for, and therefore, when thou heareſt the Clock ſtrike, think there is now another Hour come, whereof thou art to yield a Reckoning."

Theſe were the Advantages of early Home training, and with theſe THE LAST OF THE OLD SQUIRES joined all athletic and country Exercifes. Body and Mind, he ſaid, muſt work together, if both are to continue in a healthy State. Shooting, Fiſhing, Hunting, all theſe, in their proper Place, entered into the good old Man's Ideas of Education ;—and for a Boy not to be able to ſwim, whereby ſome Time or another he might ſave his own or another's Life, was almoſt a moral Fault.

He doubted very much about a royal Way to Learning, and when one ſpoke to him of MILTON's " Voluntary Idea" entertained in his TREATISE OF EDUCATION, of a Way thereto

BELOK's *Anecdotes*, li. 109.  
" The Clock ſtrikes, and reckons on our Portion of Eternity."

JER. TAYL. iv.  
338.